

THE
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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

MELANCTHON—RES ET VERBA PHILIPPUS.

AS last month we referred to some aspects of the character of Erasmus, the discussion has, not unnaturally, led us to look on to the character of Melancthon. Whether Luther wrote the designation over the chamber door, or whether, as his Table Talk says in his tablets, his summary of character has become the proverbial mark upon the foreheads of the separate men, *Res et verba Philippus; verba sine re Erasmus; res sine verbis Lutherus; nec res, nec verba Carolostadius*. If last month we attempted to show that the verdict upon Erasmus was not altogether a just one, it is a pleasure to feel that the beauty and strength of the character of Melancthon appears to consist very greatly in that perfect balance and harmony which is well represented in the sentence of Luther. In his character words and deeds seem to weigh each other. The quiet book-man life does not furnish the same rich and exciting tones of romantic colouring which are to be found in the active wanderings, disputes, and hostilities of Luther or Erasmus, or of Carolostadt or Zuinglius. The life of Erasmus, as we have seen, was tolerably calm, but very various, the lives of the other men full of excitement and storm, lives like the red heavens lurid with the fires of electricity and tempest make that of Melancthon appear in contrast like the high, calm, clear, and cool heavens beheld from some lone and sublime mountain height; if the life of Erasmus is worthy of pondering, as conveying some lessons to the temper of this age, so assuredly is the life of Melancthon. It has usually been the fashion to find only good things to say of him. With the exception of a few Papal traducers, Melancthon has usually been regarded as only admirable, the greater "admirable Crichton" of the Reformation: where so much homage has been paid to his singular calmness and mild pla-

city of temper, in combination with his prodigious attainments, there should have been the exercise of more justice, not to say charity, towards Erasmus ; for the temper of the men was marked rather by a difference in circumstances than real character, and circumstances, while they control no true and free genius, do colour and influence all minds, even as the river, which nothing can prevent from flowing onward in its triumphant way, meanders according to the bends, and obstacles, or banks, it meets upon its road, and receives upon its bosom the reflections of the variegated scenery, and overhanging woods or clouds ; and thus, while both Erasmus and Melancthon favoured the Reformation, their separate creeds were greatly influenced by different early trainings and associations ; of both of them it is true they are men who must be eternally hateful to, and hated by, every bigoted, narrow, ignorant, and unloving intelligence, as we think both will ever receive the affection and admiration of all sincere, holy, honest minds. The life of Melancthon has not been nearly so frequently written as that of either Luther or Erasmus, probably from the circumstance we mentioned above, that it certainly lacks that romantic interest attaching to both his great contemporaries and coadjutors ; Luther was a royal apostle, high priest, or hierarch, according to the opinions of friends or foes ; Erasmus was a great satirist, a great traveller, the intimate friend of many princes ; while Melancthon, on the contrary, was, although a man of such mark and distinction, an humble lecturer in the town of Wittenberg, whose fame and influence, great as they undoubtedly were, arose principally from the fact that his calm, clear, and wisely discriminating mind, guiding his prodigious stores of learning, led men, especially students and teachers, into new tracts and methods of study and thought ; he seems to have been something like the Verulam, the Bacon of theological and literary science ; his lectures and works seem to have been a kind of *Novum Organum* of biblical study, the *Instauratio Magna* of the new Scriptural study. We last month referred to the satire of Erasmus upon the philosophic method of his age, but the Reformation, both in philosophy, theology, and criticism, seems to have been more completely effected by Melancthon ; satire he shrank from using, it seems to have been in him, but his gentle temper forbade its exercise, he turned it aside as an unworthy tool, or but rarely used it ; while in his lectures and writings he, with the sweet commanding seriousness of purpose, laboured to shatter the ancient absurdity, not so much by attacking it, as by unfolding the new wisdom. It is a singular circumstance of the men we meet in those times,

that we might come across their names and not know them for the same reason, we have seen how that of Erasmus was much the changed, and by what process of transmutation it came about; learned John Reuchlin is quite as well known by the name Capnio, and the real name of Melancthon was *Schwartzerd*; Melancthon is Schwartzerd turned into Greek; as Reuchlin was a German word signifying smoke, it seemed more elegant to substitute for it Capnio, a word of similar import; Schwartzerd signified in German black earth, Melancthon is compounded of the two Greek words, signifying the same. His father, George Schwartzerd, was a native of Heidelberg, but settled at Bretten, in which little town Melancthon was born. His father was a man remarkable for integrity, and also for ingenuity, in the invention of instruments for the tournament or for war. The young Melancthon is one of those who may well be reckoned among illustrious children, his attainments from the earliest years were even marvellous, at the University of Heidelberg he matriculated the 13th of October, in the year 1509, in the twelfth year of his age; he could not have been fourteen when he became even remarkable for his proficiency in the Greek language; he studied at Heidelberg only three years, yet during this period he composed his work on the *Rudiments of the Greek Language*, afterwards published, and was entrusted with the education of two sons of Count Leonstein. He left Heidelberg, it would seem, because the University refused him a higher degree solely on account of his youth, and proceeded to the University of Tubingen; according to the best dates he was sixteen years of age, or between sixteen and seventeen, when he was created Doctor in Philosophy, and he immediately upon obtaining his degree commenced his career as public lecturer, or professor, in Tubingen; his lectures embraced a wide and varied range. Even at this early age he restored the classic Terence, a poet extolled by Cicero for the purity of his diction, and the beauty of his composition; he lectured on the Greek and Latin classics, on rhetoric, logic, mathematics, and theology. Erasmus, so early as the year 1515, when Melancthon was but about eighteen years of age, wrote of him from Rotterdam:—"What hopes may we not conceive of Philip Melancthon, though almost a boy, equally to be admired for his proficiency in both languages, what quickness of invention, what purity of diction, what vastness of memory, what variety of reading, what a modesty and gracefulness of behaviour, and what a princely mind!" The generous Erasmus never wearies of again and again expressing his admiration, writing to Oecolampadius, he says, "Of Melancthon I have already the highest

“opinion, and cherish the most magnificent hopes, so much so that I am persuaded Christ designs this youth to excel us all; he will totally eclipse Erasmus.” Writing again to George, Duke of Saxony, he says of him, “He not only excels in learning and eloquence, but, by a certain fatality, is a general favourite, honest and candid men are fond of him, and even his adversaries cannot hate him.” This marvellous precocity has usually upon it the taint of suspicion, some of the attributes assigned by fame to Melancthon in his earliest years are marvellous indeed; perhaps our readers remember how even Latimer indirectly ascribes his conversion from the Papacy to Philip Melancthon and his opinions; now Dr. Cox, in his *Life of Melancthon*, shows that Latimer was converted when he was thirty years of age, that is, in the year 1510, at that time Melancthon was thirteen years of age, yet Latimer speaks of his opinions among those of the great leaders of the Reformation in Europe at this time; the thing is inexplicable, but it is safe to say, that while Melancthon was yet a mere boy, he had not only attained to the very highest pinnacle of fame as a scholar (Erasmus, we have seen, judging him worthy to stand upon the same platform as himself), but his opinions had already secured him a place among the leading minds which were striving to effect a change in the religious opinions of Europe and the world. Certain it is that this rich, ripe, although so very youthful intelligence, was not less remarkable for piety in those years, than for power and attainments; we are not to suppose that he was completed and thoroughly furnished as yet in all the opinions of the Reformation; on the contrary, he seems to have been zealous in many of the idolatrous services of the Romish Church, but his quick instincts were moving onward, and making a pathway for his maturer thought, and it must have been, we apprehend, rather to some such instinctive utterances that Latimer refers as having impressed his mind: but from those very earliest years, probably from the very earliest years of his reading and thoughtful boyhood, the newly-discovered Bible, and especially the New Testament, was his most close and constant companion; upon its teachings the mould of his mind and faith were formed. We are to remember that the study of the Greek language and the study of the New Testament were very much restored to Europe and the Church together; that the Romish Church had always held within her bosom men of true intelligence, purity, and piety is a matter of cheering belief, but, in that age, atheism and impiety were the characteristics of its leading minds; its popes were a horrible scandal, a succession of wretched night-mares, horrifying the dreams of a sleeping world; and

even the reality in the Church, in spite of what Dr. Maitland may attempt to teach us, was swathed round, shackled, and lumbered over by a succession of ridiculous and revolting mythologies and superstitions. The language of one of the monkish fraternity has furnished a proof of preposterous ignorance, and has been quoted ten thousand times as a standing joke against the priests and monks; but it probably, egregious as it is, only expresses a description of the state of opinion. "A new language," says the worthy brother, "has been invented, called Greek; guard carefully against it, it is the mother of every species of heresy. I observe in the hands of a great many people a book, written in this language, which they call the New Testament; it is a book full of thorns and serpents. As to Hebrew, my dear brethren, it is certain that all who learn it instantly become Jews." It seems to have been, even in the special providence of God, that a mind like that of Melanethon should be fascinated by the commanding claims and riches of the Greek language, that fascination drew on his mind to the intense study of the New Testament. Thus the Bible became his constant companion. A small copy, recently printed at Basle by the well-known John Frobenius, soon became thickly covered with his marginal notes. During his public service in the church and in his lectures he had it constantly in his hand or by his side. If we may use the term "passion" in connection with such a character, then it may be said it was the object of his passionate regard. His adversaries alleged against him that he always had with him in the church a volume of a different size to the Prayer-book, and they represented him as having that which was improper both to the occasion and to the place. Envy, detraction, and persecution began to whisper around him, but we are to see in all this how his mind was being formed by his faith, and how this was resulting from a deep acquaintance with those great and simple truths with which the New Testament was storing his wide and receptive intelligence. Thus at Tübingen he was serving his apprenticeship to his future work. There he himself heard every variety of accomplished lecturers, and himself, as we have seen, publicly expounded the great masters of ancient thought and style, besides, also, carrying through the press some works, reprints of ancient stores of learning, and assisting his friend, John Reuchlin, in his famous controversy with the monks. But after residing there six years, through the influence of Reuchlin, the Elector of Saxony appointed him to the Greek Professorship of the University of Wittenberg, the scene of all his great labours in the future, his home, and the place most intimately

associated with his fame. As he went there Reuchlin addressed to him the words of God to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing." He continues, "This accords with the presentiment of my mind, and thus I hope it will be with thee hereafter, my Philip, my care, and my comfort." The whole of Tübingen burst into lamentations on his departure, and a contemporary says, "No one can conceive how much the university has lost of distinction and emolument by his leaving us." He entered Wittenberg the 25th day of August, in the year 1518, at the age of twenty-one.

The presentiments of Reuchlin were to receive more than a complete fulfilment. He commenced his university work four days after his arrival. Immense crowds thronged to the university, and from the period of his commencement to the close he had the largest audience of students thronging round any chair in Europe. Bayle says, "the number of his audience was about 2,500;" this is probably an exaggeration, but it is certain that from fifteen to eighteen hundred usually attended his lectures. The worth, however, of his services is to be estimated rather in the quality of his influence, and when it is remembered that he became Luther's instructor in the Greek language, who can set a bound to the power he not only exercised but assisted to create. At this moment commenced that great friendship so providential, and in which the welfare of the world and the formation of free opinions in future generations was so much interested, the close, the tender, and abiding friendship between Luther and Melancthon; one of those little things giving life to the history of great events, one of those circumstances, seemingly a trifle in human affairs, but in which we see a special adaptation of Providence. These two men, so wholly unlike, and yet with so great a sameness in purpose, met here mutually to act and react for long years upon each other. So it has always been, from the time when Andrew heard John and went and found his own brother, Peter, and brought him to Jesus. What is that subtle law, by which moral instruments discover and become related to each other, but the infinite fitness of overruling Providence; in the great work then commencing, Luther needed Melancthon, and Melancthon needed Luther. The one so full of light and clearness, the other so full of fire and energy; the one calm and cautious to extreme timidity, the other passionate, magnanimously rash and daring; the one careful, thinking through, and putting together the separate

parts of the great machine which was to be moved against the towers and domes of hoary superstition ; the other setting a match to the mine, and only happy when seeing all in conflagration and a blaze ; the one studious over all those little parts essential to the course of a great argument, keen, learned, and analytic ; the other learned indeed, but quite contented if able to grasp the whole, and to turn the argument into a torch to enlighten the multitudes ; the one staying at home in his university to be a kind of pharos or lighthouse to which men might travel, or to which men must look if they would learn ; the other a travelling fire-pillar moving among men, over communities throwing light, and sometimes exploding in thunder over nations ; the one all gentle, sweet, and peaceful, shrinking from the utterance of a harsh word ; the other a fountain of tears and laughter, invective and coarseness ; and both working at the same building of opinions, both infinite blessings to mankind ; the one like the dews or the small rain on the tender herb, the other like the summer lightning, which is also not unusually accompanied with the big drops of the thunder-shower. If the Reformation needed courage, ardent zeal, and greatness of soul, adroit intrepidity, becoming conviction, and fulness of passionate affection, surely they were to be found in Luther. If the Reformation needed scholarship, patience, a quiet stillness, a calming, purifying, and elevating thought, a mind to illuminate the new doctrines by cautious criticism, and to show that it was not another Gospel, but the "old word that was heard from the beginning," this was a work that could be well done by Melancthon. Moses and Aaron together ; in the one, the prophet, the Elias who first cometh to restore all things ; in the other the priest, putting things taught into conservative order and attractive harmony. If Luther, like John, pointed to Christ, and said, "Behold," making all his preaching and books to revolve round the object of his person and work, Melancthon rolled away from Christian philosophy and from the New Testament the rubbish accumulated by the schoolmen. Melancthon taught in the schools the true use of Aristotle, clearing the mind from foolish prevailing prejudices. He enlightened it as to what were the marks of true philosophy, at the same time he read lectures from the Greek epistles. Especially he commenced his course on the Greek text of Paul's epistle to Titus. Luther wrote of him, speaking of him as the most learned and most truly Grecian. "Philip Melancthon, he is a mere boy and a stripling, if you consider his age, but our great man and master "if you reflect on the variety of his knowledge, which extends to "almost every book ; he is distinguished not only for his acquaint-

"tance, but for his critical knowledge of both languages, nor is "he unskilled in Hebrew learning." Melancthon's inaugural discourse at Wittenberg opened up the whole of his future intentions, quoting one of the ancients, he said, "The noblest employment of life is to use philosophy as a guide to Divine knowledge." He reminded his auditors that brass was sent by the King of Tyre for the temple of Solomon as well as superior metal, that we must ascertain the literal meaning of words that we may be able to pursue the course of argument: "But then," he continues, in a passage which we may quote,

Whenever we approach the fountains of truth we shall begin to grow wise in Christ, His commandments will become obvious, and we shall be regaled by the blessed nectar of heavenly wisdom. When we have gathered the clusters amongst "the vineyards of Engedi," the bridegroom will come "leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills," and with the "kisses of his mouth," and the "savour of his good ointments poured forth," will anoint those who are conducted into the palaces of Eden. United to Him we shall live and thrive, contemplating Zion and Salem in the secret silence of adoration. Such is the fruit of celestial knowledge, which will always prove worthy of our supreme regard, when pure and unimpaired by human subtleties.

The great importance then of giving a new impulse and direction to your studies, and the manner in which they are likely to become conducive to your mental and moral character, is sufficiently obvious. Who can help deploring the state of our immediate predecessors, who, abandoning the light of learning, plunged into Tartarean darkness, and took up with the very dregs of knowledge? And who is not affected at the lamentable state of our own times, deprived by negligence of our ancient authors, and of all the advantages which would have accrued from their writings had they been preserved? You should understand, therefore, the difficulties which attend the acquisition of the most valuable knowledge; nevertheless, industry will so overcome them, that I trust you will obtain that which is of real importance, with far less expense of time and trouble than is generally devoted to what is absolutely useless.

Your tutors will undertake the labour of making proper selections for you, and separating the frivolous from the useful in conducting you to the stores of Roman and Grecian literature. Let some of your leisure hours be occupied, especially with the latter, and I will use my utmost endeavours to afford you every facility. From the very first I shall be careful to alleviate the laboriousness attending the grammatical part of language, by reading portions of the best writers for illustration. I shall notice, in passing, whatever may relate to the conduct of life, or the general knowledge of obscure subjects, so that by proper application we shall be able to accomplish the circle of human learning, and it will devolve on me to stimulate your diligence. Homer is in our hands, and the Greek of Paul's Epistle to Titus, and you must pay great

attention to ascertain by the strain of the discourse, the divine truths intended to be revealed.

Here it is proper to remark, how much grammatical accuracy in language conduces to the knowledge of sacred mysteries, and what a difference appears between commentators, some of whom are versed in the Greek language, others ignorant of it; and in various cases what mistakes are the consequence. If we trifle on this subject, be assured we shall inevitably suffer for it.

Enter then, O ye youths, enter upon your course of wholesome instruction with this sentiment in your constant recollection, *whoever determinately sets about a business has half accomplished it.* Do not be afraid of becoming wise: study the Roman authors, but especially attach yourselves to those of GREECE, without the knowledge of whom the former cannot be properly understood, and whose compositions will conduce to the knowledge of general literature, and more than any others to the formation of the mind to taste and elegance. I cannot help looking forward to anticipate the effect of your example, and I fancy that I can see a few years hence Germany in various parts reviving in literature, the general state of morals ameliorated, and the minds of men, at present barbarously wild and barren as the desert, at length tamed, so to speak, and cultivated!

Henceforth then you will devote yourselves to study, not only for the sake of your own personal advantage and that of posterity, but for the honour of our immortal Elector, who is by universal concurrence the best of princes, and has nothing more at heart than the promotion of literature. For myself I am resolved to try my utmost, both to accomplish the desires of the most pious of princes and the success of your studies. And with this design I solemnly devote myself, O ye illustrious princes and superintendents of this university, to your service: consecrating my youth to solid learning, and not to useless or injurious pursuits, and confidently depending upon your kindness and protection.

Modern Roman Catholic writers are incessantly engaged in attempting to make out that the Reformers were a race of ignorant men, and that the great work to which they set themselves was but a triumph of ignorance after all; but Melancthon has ever been a standing regret in that Church. M. Baillet says of him, "In the twenty-second year of his age, Melancthon fell into the hands of Luther, who abused his easy disposition, and availed himself of those fine talents, which ought to have been devoted to the service of the Catholic Church." Others again point to him, and say, "See what he was; but that beautiful character was trained and educated in the Catholic Church; what must that Church have been, how pure and how good, which could produce Melancthon?" If the reader has gone with us in our course of remarks, he will see that Melancthon was very little indebted to anything in the Romish Church for the forma-

tion of his mind and character. He set himself, with much gentleness, it is true, but with irresistible firmness, against abuses which we should fain believe that the whole spirit of our age would regard as monstrous, did we not notice, that even at present, the impertinent audacities of Melancthon's day are not without their apologists; only in the last July number of the *Dublin Review*, we have an attempt to glorify John Tetzel, the great preacher of indulgences, and we learn to our amusement, if not to our surprise, that the document, which was his warrant for the precious Gospel he carried over Germany, does not contain a thought which the Church of the present day will not hesitate to subscribe; and Dr. Wiseman has, we know, defended the absurdist relics found in the precious treasury of the Church, and maintained their genuineness. We need not, therefore, hesitate at all to believe in the reality of that tissue of absurdities, the faith in which it needed the strength of the reformers to overthrow. Our readers have often seen lists of these pleasant objects of devotion and trust; the Bishop of Metz boasted that he had a flame of the bush that Moses beheld burning. One monastery was so happy as to possess some rays of the star which appeared to the Magi. Another had the face of a seraph, with part of the nose; but this defect was supplied in another convent, which possessed the snout of a seraph, supposed to belong to the defective face. One monastery had the slippers of Enoch, and another a tear of our Lord, shed over Lazarus, preserved in a phial by an angel, and given to Mary Magdalene. The story is well known of the Dutchman, who received from a priest a leg of the ass upon which Christ rode to Jerusalem; the Dutchman was wonderfully pleased, but boasting of his holy possession, he found that four others had also a leg each of the same ass, and they inquired with astonishment, had the ass five legs? Such little difficulties as these, however, did not daunt the holy friars, for Father John Ferund asserts that God was pleased to multiply and reproduce such relics for the devotion of the faithful. Such horrible absurdities as these needed the coarse, but not less holy eloquence, and scorn, and invective of Luther, to denounce and degrade. Melancthon's work was rather with the purer intelligences; there existed, in that day, a particular order of friars called *Fratres Ignorantiæ*,—Brothers of Ignorance; they were obliged to take solemn oaths, that they would neither know, learn, nor understand anything at all, but answer all questions with the word *nescio*, "Truly," said Luther, "all the friars I ever heard of are 'well worthy of that title.'" Melancthon's work, on the contrary, was to search out the foundations of the human understanding, to illuminate its depths and recesses, and to pour light through

all the windows of the soul. A man, who in a holy spirit, advances on his way to purify the world, will find that he sometimes steps upon a toad, and sometimes on a rattlesnake; the first is a very nasty thing, the second is a noisy and dangerous thing, both of the reptiles seem to have abounded in the path of our reformers. It is not either in our purpose or our possibility to notice the venom of the creature that spat, or the virus of the creature that attempted to lift its crest, to strike and to sting, they were both there, nor have either ever been wanting to the designs of Rome. Neither the one nor the other, however, seem to have possessed the power to disturb the equanimity of the amiable Melancthon. To rout and put to flight error, falsehood, and absurdity, the two men laboured together, as we have seen. Luther's Gospel was proclaimed by the torch, and it was natural that a more quiet spirit should pervade the atmosphere surrounding Melancthon, who relied rather for the good he might effect upon the revelation of the pen.

In 1519, Melancthon travelled with Luther to Leipsic to the most famous controversy with Eck, or Eckius, of Ingoldstadt. After ten days' vehement discussion the victory was claimed by both parties, but Eck was obliged to admit the eminent attainments of his reverend opponent, and even to apologize for himself; a proof that the palm really rested with Luther, may, we suppose, be found in the fact that Hoffman, the rector of the university, refused to award his decision in favour of either, and it was referred to the Universities of Paris and Erfurt; who however neglected, though they did not refuse to do it. The Duke of Saxony also, we may conclude, felt the force of Luther's reasoning, as while the two controversialists on one of the days were dining with him, he laid his hand on the shoulders of both the combatants, and said, "Whether the Pope exist by Divine or human rite, he is however the Pope." The tones of complaint in which Eck indulges, complaining of the great advantages that the Lutherans had over him, because of the books to which they had recourse, and the circumstance that numbers of young men left Leipsic, alike prove that Luther was victorious in the debate. Most conspicuous still is the fact, that up to this time Melancthon, while he had sympathized with the doctrines of Luther, and aided his efforts, had not given himself with all the full force of his character to the movement. Henceforth, however, he roused himself to particular study on the various points of difference in the dispute; he had an opportunity of hearing all that the most eloquent and able advocates for the Papacy could say; he heard the Romish tenets defended with every perversion of ingenuity; his mild and peaceable mind had been greatly averse to schism

and contention, but now all his suspicions of the existing hierarchy were strengthened, and he henceforth gave himself, with all his heart and soul, to the work of Luther. He was only a spectator in the great dispute, although so interested in it as to give many suggestions and hints, that Eck at last exclaimed, "*Tace tu Philippe, ac tua studia cura, nec me perturba*,"—"Hold your tongue, Philip, mind your own business, and don't interfere with me." But after the dispute, Eck assailed Melanethon in a tract, to which also he in turn replied, and although the reply was very brief, it has been ever regarded as a model of mildness, elegance, and acuteness, and at the time it would seem nothing better served the cause of Luther. In the pamphlet he turns away from all the personalities of Eck, and fastens upon the central principles of the whole discussion between Luther and Rome. The following remarks on Biblical interpretation and the discernment of the spirit of Scripture are so excellent, that we must quote them as we find them translated in Cox's life. "Eckius," says Melanethon,

Is confident of being victorious, by appealing to the authority of the holy fathers of the church. But how does this avail him? I am, indeed, by no means disposed to depreciate, on the contrary, I highly reverence those illustrious luminaries of the church and defenders of Christian doctrine. But I cannot deem it rash, as the fathers differ in their sentiments to receive the SCRIPTURE, and not the varying opinions of men as the ultimate appeal. As there is always some one simple meaning to the language of Scripture, (for divine truth is most intelligibly simple,) this sense is to be sought by a comparison of passages, and by the general strain of the particular discourse. In this manner we are enjoined to investigate the sacred writings, as we examine the sentiments and decrees of men, by bringing them to the touchstone and trying their consistency. Then it is more satisfactory to consult their judgment on the meaning of Scripture, from those places where they professedly explained it, rather than where they are only indulging their own feelings in rhetorical descriptions. We all experience this fact, that Scripture is variously interpreted according to our various dispositions of mind and cast of opinion. This or that interpretation pleases, because it seizes our feelings and captivates our passions, and as the polypus imitates the colour of the rock to which it fixes, so we are prone to use our utmost endeavours to conform our sentiments to the prejudices of our own minds. It frequently happens that the mind may admit, and for a time be wonderfully charmed with the genuine force and propriety of a sentiment, but afterwards be incapable of reviving such an impression; and thus the fathers of the church, wrought up to a pitch of feeling, make use of Scripture in a sense not in itself bad, but sometimes inapplicable and foreign to the purpose. And though I do not totally condemn this, yet I think it cannot be of much avail in controversy, for according to the Greek adage, *χαλῶς τρέχουσιν ἀλλὰ ἐχτὸς ἰδὲς*—"They run well, but then they do not keep in

the course." I dare affirm, that sometimes the fathers have given interpretations of Scripture suggested perhaps to the mind in a state of high religious feeling, and which might not be erroneous, but which to us inferior men and in a less glowing state of mind, have not seemed to accord with the literal sense. There is a secret manna and food of the soul, to which Paul alludes, when he speaks of *spiritually discerning* it, which is more easily felt than described.

But who does not perceive how often the Scriptures have been misapplied in the different controversies that have been agitated at various periods, of which innumerable examples might be adduced, so that it has frequently happened, especially of late, that their exposition has been at complete variance with the original text. As to the scholastic method of interpretation it is any thing but simple, a very Proteus, transforming the sense of Scripture into allegories, tropes, figures, and diverting the truth from its literal, grammatical, or historical meaning, into I know not what wretched and polluted channels.

The test of controversy is one of the most assured trials, even to a noble Christian spirit. Few, when harshly dealt with, not to say reviled, are able to remember that so much of reviling is so much of nothing to the purpose; but this makes Melancthon shine, and brings forth, in a remarkable manner, the equable and amiable temper. In the year 1520, he married a young lady belonging to one of the principal families of Wittenberg; her father was the Burgomaster of the town, and the lady appears to have been in every way a happy companion for her illustrious husband. At the period of his marriage, he was going through his course of lectures on the Romans, which were suspended for one day, his marriage day. The domestic and social character of Melancthon however shines forth, as we might expect, in one so amiable, with a very soft and benignant beauty; he was lavish in his benevolence, so lavish, that it seems sometimes like inconsideration, he was utterly careless about all things of the world. The stories are innumerable of his lavish generosity; it seemed that when he possessed men had but to ask and to have. There was one remarkable occasion, when he had accumulated a large collection of coins and curiosities, he offered a certain stranger, who seemed peculiarly gratified with the sight, to take any he might feel a wish to possess. The audacious stranger, with consummate effrontery said, "I have a particular wish for them all," and Melancthon, although he did not conceal his displeasure, actually granted his request. Melancthon was, no doubt, a student in the very special sense of that word; but his character was not dry, hard, unfamiliar, and unapproachable. The story is well known of a visitor, a Frenchman, who found him one day rocking his child's cradle, with one hand, and holding a

book with the other. A similar story is told of Richard Hooker; in his case, however, it is associated with the recollection that his wife was unworthy of him, and that he was compensating by his vigilance and domestic anxiety for her neglect; this was not Melancthon's case. It is almost sad that such stories as these should be thought noticeable at all, why should not any father, however great, occasionally soothe his own heart by rocking his infant to rest? The soft amenity is very likely to dull the edge of sharp controversies, and soften, and make human drier and more abstract studies. As we have said, Melancthon's was an amiable nature; this is a suspicious distinction, and our age, nor for that matter the age of Melancthon, has not much regard for amiable people; the admiration of force seems more human than the homage to gentleness. Gentle natures are sometimes supposed to be ungenial, and usually to be wanting in those fervid and glowing powers, which attract and compel the great following of friends. It is too with such natures that usually their principles are not sharply cut, they do justice to men from whom they differ; Melancthon did. We may not unfairly doubt whether he would have been so strong a bulwark of the Reformation had he not constantly been by the side of the fiery and impetuous Luther; had he, for instance, been in the same way in Rotterdam with Erasmus; it is certain that he possessed a keen sense of the justice of truth, and while weighing arguments, and paying respect to other men's convictions, was not himself indifferent to the danger. Very frequently, in being just to the opinion as felt by other minds, it is that we become indifferent to the force of truth in our own, and he has not escaped the charge of pyrrhonism, with this Florimond and Bossuet alike very naturally charge him, for the Church of Rome tolerates no generosity of sentiment. It must be admitted that in a mind like that of Melancthon, a great genius and vast knowledge, a ready and nimble wit associated with, and indeed folded in by, the influence of a gentle and affectionate nature, will usually be a fountain of irresolution; it cannot persuade itself that it has a monopoly of reason on its own side, it seldom advances so far even as to hate opinions, it never proceeds to the hatred of persons; it is not the victim of those prejudices which paint all ideas adverse to its own in glaring and repulsive colours, or perhaps blackens them. Naturally the modesty of Melancthon made him also somewhat distrustful of himself. We have never seen in connexion with the character of Melancthon a finer setting forth of the case of such a spirit than in the words of Bayle, which are worthy of being quoted and pondered.

Let us here admire the peculiar character of the fate of man ; his virtues are liable to bad consequences, and have their inconveniences ; his bad qualities on the contrary produce some good effects upon many occasions. Modesty, moderation, love of peace, form in the minds of the most learned a certain principle of equity, which make them in some measure luke-warm and unresolved. Pride and anger make a great doctor so dogmatic and self-conceited that he is not sensible of the least doubt, and will undertake and endure anything for the advancement and propagation of his own opinions. If by good luck he lights upon the truth, what service will he not do to it ? They will doubtless be greater than they would be if he were of a more moderate temper. The bonds of prejudice, or if you please, the bias of the passions, do more strongly fasten the soul to the truth, than the charms of it. Note, that I set aside the good effects of grace, both upon the tempers that are too phlegmatic, and too choleric. I consider the matter only philosophically, and under this notion we may truly say, that as to what concerns the interest of a sect, a man that is conceited and violent is preferable to a wise man. And if any founder of a sect desires that his disciples should labour with success in propagating his doctrine, he should wish that they were of such a humour as never to depart from anything, and to espouse for all their life the first party they embrace. If they pitch upon it before they are capable of weighing well the reasons on both sides, it is so much the better ; they will be the farther from doubting for the future, and the less they doubt the more dogmatical they will be, whereas those who expect to receive more light every day, do not think themselves obliged to show a very great zeal ; for they imagine that what appears true to them to-day, will appear to them at another time less probable than what they do not at all believe.

We are quite aware of the danger that lurks in such generous reasoning as this ; indifference to opinion usually springs from anything rather than from this noble temper and wide range of knowledge, it is rather owing to a sluggishness of soul, an inaptitude to perceive truthful relations, and a disposition which cares for none of those higher things which are the life and aliment of noble minds ; but we notice in the character of Melancthon very much of that temper which has really doomed Erasmus to the suspicion of succeeding times, and like Erasmus he also has been blamed for that constitutional timidity which has seemed to depreciate his sterling value. Why should we call it constitutional timidity ? and why should we blame it ? The works of men, like the wings of birds, differ in their texture, and in the compass of their flight ; but because the bird that charms while it sings has not the compass of flight of the eagle which soars, we neither blame the bird nor depreciate its wing. Functions are

different, the world needed in that age the grandeur and sublimity of the lofty eagle, Luther ; it needed also the melody and composing harmony of Melancthon. Melancthon felt the need of Luther, and when Luther was translated to what he well called his Patmos in the castle of Wartemberg, where taken, and caught up as it were by the Spirit, it seemed as if he had been carried from the world, whither it knew not, so that he was sought and could not be found ; Melancthon was for the time placed at the head of the reformed cause, he wrote to his friend Hess, " I feel the need I have of good advice, our Elijah is still confined at a distance from us, though we are expecting and anticipating his return ; what shall I say more ? his absence absolutely tortments me." To lead a cause, to stand at the head and shout to the army over the field, to pour animation and courage into ten thousand hearts, to make spirits magnanimous out of the surplus magnanimity of his own nature, to speak sentences, that like whiffs of cannon blasts, in undistinguishing fire, went abroad routing and scattering, was not the work given to Melancthon to perform. But his words, when he uttered them, were not undecided, but on the contrary, they possessed their own clear, grand, distinct, strength. We have an illustration of it in his keen satire upon those he calls the "Theologasters," or, ignorant pretenders to theology, it was a fine defence of Luther, against a furious attack upon him by the University of Paris, and some of its words are in their weight and vigour well worthy of being pondered ; he exclaims:—

"Luther is accused of heresy, not because he differs from SCRIPTURE, but from the *Holy Fathers, Councils, and Universities*, whose opinions are received as the first principles of religion!! But are Holy Fathers, and Councils, and Universities to decree the articles of Christian faith?—And how can this be the case, when they are so liable to err, Occam himself being judge, if you will not credit me? Is our faith to depend upon the opinions of men?—So did not Paul determine when he affirmed, that 'other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.'

"Luther then does not dissent from SCRIPTURE, but from YOUR judgment, and from the sense which the *Fathers, Councils, and Schools* have adopted ; and this I see is the great cause of the controversy, and the great sin he has committed ! But what after all is decreed by the Councils, when some things are false and some true, some conformable to Scripture, and some contrary to it ; so that Scripture must be the *final appeal*, and if any passages be obscure, they are to be compared with others, and thus Scripture will explain itself. 'If an angel from Heaven,' says the Apostle, 'preach any other Gospel than what I preach, let him be accursed.' Surely then Luther may oppose the obvious sentiment of Scripture to Councils, Fathers, and Universi-

ties! What can these Sophists reply? What sort of logic and what kind of glosses can they use to avoid the inference from these statements? Either deny that there is any certain sense in Scripture, or acknowledge that Luther is justifiable in placing its dictates in opposition to human opinion."

He goes on to say, no doubt Luther and the ancient Fathers and Councils disagree:—

"On various points he is completely supported by the sentiments of Augustine, Cyprian, Hilary, and Chrysostom; though it is true many things are to be found in the writings of Luther on the Sacraments, vows, and other subjects, which cannot be discovered in them. No wonder, for that age knew nothing of the tyrannical laws of Roman Pontiffs, nothing of our *Parisian Masters* and their articles of faith. That period may, perhaps, be considered as the noonday of evangelical truth; ours as the declining evening in which darkness covers the minds of sinners as a punishment for their guilt; and that is darkness indeed in which the Sorbonne divinity prevails, a divinity which extols *human opinion* as paramount to *Scriptural Truth*! Does not the Spirit of God, by His prophets, threaten such a punishment, and does not St. Paul speak of those who should teach for doctrines the commandments of men? and to whom can he refer but—to the *Sorbonne Divines*, or *such as they*?

"Nay more, whatever criminality may be supposed to attach to any persons for opposing the Fathers, is to be charged upon these very Parisian disputants themselves, who diametrically contradict them. The very best of the Fathers denounce whatever is not from the Spirit of Christ, as sinful; but these not only do allow of their guilt, but absolutely affirm many of them to be meritorious. The Fathers deny that mere human strength is adequate to fulfil the Divine law, these Parisians state the very reverse.

"It is written, if an offender refuses to hear the Church let him be as a heathen man and a publican. I pray now what do you call the Church? No doubt, the *French*, or *Sorbonne Church*. But how can that be the Church of Christ which has not the word of Christ, who testifies that His sheep hear His voice? We denominate *that* His true Church which is built upon THE WORD OF GOD, and which is nourished, fed and governed by it; in a word, which derives every thing, and judges of every thing, by THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST, 'for he that is of God heareth the words of God.'"

Again, "You, the Sorbonne Church, without appealing to Reason or Scripture, condemn Luther and exclude him from the communion of the pious. But it did not become you to *condemn*, but to *accuse*. You do not accuse or convince by argument, but contrary both to Divine and human laws, at once *condemn*, and for no other reason than because you are the Sorbonne divines and lords of our faith to be sure! For shame! for shame!!! But stay,—I must not treat

the *Sorbonne* so irreverently!—for these lords over our faith say they imitate the example of the Apostles, when they issue decisions without Scripture authority. I wish, however, they would verify this statement by some reference. Christ Himself quotes the authority of Scripture, Paul does the same; and what are the apostolic discourses but the testimonies derived from the records of the Old Testament concerning Christ? The *Sorbonne* only is to be believed without SCRIPTURE!”

This grand piece served the cause of Luther well; it was said that he should be greatly obliged to his friend Melancthon, who had “polished up his writings, and enabled him to cut a better figure than he would in his own barbarous style.” No, the works of the men were different; it is, for the most part, only in our passionate love of the active, the obvious, the rugged soldier-like faculty, that we perceive the one to be greater than the other. Luther was a general in the field, Melancthon a statesman at home; who shall say which is the most essential to the well-being of a nation?

We are not aware of any English edition of Melancthon's *Loci Communes Theologici*, or “Theological common-places.” Of all the works of Melancthon it excited the greatest attention, and circulated to the widest extent. Luther said of it, “All the Fathers are not to be compared to it; it is the best book next to the Holy Scriptures.” Instantly on its publication it found its way into several of the languages of Europe; it became very popular in Italy, where it was published as by “Messer Philipppo de Terra Neri,” an Italian translation of the word Melancthon. Not a syllable of disapprobation was expressed about it until one Cordelier read the work in the original, and discovered that Philipppo de Terra Neri was Philip Melancthon, when the book was, by authority, instantly suppressed. But one of the greatest works in which Melancthon engaged was the assisting Luther, with five other eminent scholars of Wittenberg, to translate the Bible for the people into German, the production of Luther's Bible. This grand work was performed. Melancthon's share was with the Greek original; and John Bugenhagenius, one of the five, annually kept the return of the day of its completion by a sacred festival, at his own house, to celebrate the great achievement; the social meeting was called “*The Festival of the Translation of the Holy Scriptures*.” The work excited the bitterest animosity among the Papists, and was attacked in terms of bitter reproach; and Jerome Emser, one of the council of the persecuting Duke George, published what he called a correct translation of the New Testament, which was almost a verbatim republica-

tion of Luther's, with a preface by Emser; it was the highest compliment he could pay to his antagonist, and the most effectual condemnation of himself. Luther nobly said, "There is a just Judge who will see to this; the best revenge that I can wish for is, that though Luther's name is suppressed, and that of its adversary put in its place, yet Luther's book is read, and thus the design of his labours is promoted by his enemies." A characteristic circumstance in the lives of the two reformers occurs in the history of the publication of Melancthon's commentary of the Epistle of Paul to the Romans; he lent it to Luther, apparently shrinking from its publication, very likely in harmony with the patient, careful, and conscientious scruples in his own mind, feeling that it was inadequate to his own ideas; Luther printed it himself; it was published in the year 1540, with a dedication to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse. Luther apologised for his proceeding, in a letter to his friend prefixed to the Commentary; it is so curious and characteristic, so altogether like Luther, that we may well amuse our readers by quoting it here:—

"Martin Luther to Philip Melancthon, grace and peace in Christ.

"Be angry and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still.'—I am the person who dares to publish your Annotations, and I send you your own work. If you are not pleased with it, it may be all very well, it is sufficient that you please us. If I have done wrong, *you* are to blame; why did not you publish it yourself? why did you suffer me so often to ask, to insist, to importune you to publish it, and all in vain?—So much for my apology *against* you; for you see I am willing to turn thief, and am not afraid of your future accusations or complaints. As to those whom you suspect of being disposed to sneer, I have this to say to them—'Do better!'—What the impious Thomists *falsely* arrogate to their leader, namely, that no one has written better upon St. Paul, I *truly* affirm of you. Satan himself influences them to boast in this manner concerning their Thomas Aquinas, and to spread his doctrines and his poison far and wide. I know in what sort of spirit and with what correctness of judgment I pronounce this of you. If these famous and mighty men should choose to sneer at my opinion, the consequence belongs to me, not you. But I wish to vex these scorers more and more; and I say that the Commentaries of Jerome and Origen are mere trifles and follies compared to your Annotations. But what, you will say, is the purpose of aiming to provoke these great men against me? Well, you may be humble if you please, but let me boast for you. Who has ever prohibited persons of great capacity from publishing something better *if they can*—and thus demonstrating the rashness of my judgment. For my part, I wish we could find out those who could and would publish something better. I threaten you, further, to steal and publish your remarks upon Genesis and the Gospels of Matthew and John, unless

you supersede me by bringing them forward. You say, Scripture ought to be read alone and without a commentary; this is right enough if you speak in reference to Jerome, Origen, Thomas Aquinas, and others of the same class, for their commentaries are the mere vehicles of their own notions, rather than the sentiments of Paul, and the doctrine of Christianity; but no one can properly call yours a commentary; it is rather an introduction to the study of Scripture in general, and a guide to the knowledge of Christ: in which it surpasses all the commentaries hitherto published. As to what you plead, that your Annotations are not in all respects satisfactory to yourself, it is difficult enough to believe you. But behold I do believe—you are not fully satisfied with yourself, nor is this asked or desired of you: we would have Paul maintain his pre-eminence, lest any one should insinuate that Philip is superior or equal to Paul. It is sufficient you are only second to Paul; but we shall not dislike anybody for coming still nearer to this great original. We know very well that you are nothing; and we know also that Christ is all and in all, who if He pleases can speak as He did to Balaam by an ass; why then should He not speak by a man? Art thou not a man? Art thou not a servant of Christ? Has not He endowed thee with capacity? If thou shouldst choose to improve and enlarge this volume by elegant and learned editions, it will be a grateful service; but in the meantime we are determined to be gratified in spite of you, by possessing ourselves of the sentiments of Paul by your means. If I have offended you by this proceeding, I do not ask pardon; but lay aside your displeasure, by which you will rather give offence to *us*, and *you* will have to ask forgiveness. God preserve and prosper you for evermore. *Wittenberg, July 29, 1522.*"

Space forbids our entering into the interesting question of the share Melancthon and Luther had in the great romantic peasant war of the Anabaptists in Germany. Nor can we dwell at length upon the great Eucharistic Controversy, only noticing that Melancthon's summary of the enquiry is altogether in the spirit we have uniformly seen and admired in him. He says:—

But though we are not yet agreed whether the body and blood of Christ is corporeally present in the bread and wine, yet as far as conscience permits, each party shall manifest a Christian affection to each other, and both shall earnestly implore Almighty God that He would by His Spirit lead and establish us in whatever is the truth.

But that document, on which, perhaps, hangs the most extensive fame of Melancthon, is his drawing up the famous Augsburg Confession; this he was requested to do by the princes who met at the diet of Augsburg. It was a great honour; it was a most difficult undertaking. There is no doubt that he accomplished the work with many tears, shrinking from it with his own natural sweetness, genuine humility, and unfeigned confession of incom-

petency; the document formed an era in the history of the Reformation. Upon such a document, upon all its modes and shades of speech, or definitions of doctrine, how can it be expected that all opinions should agree. Some have taken exception to its doctrine, and some to its gentle softness of expression; but few are able, we believe, to read it without feeling that it forms, on the whole, a grand breakwater of truth; and something of the spirit in which the nobler and more honest minds on the side of the Papacy regarded it may be gathered from the fact that, when it was handed to one of the secretaries of the Emperor Charles V., for its acceptance by the Emperor, the secretary exclaimed, "By the grace, and through the help of God, this confession will prevail against the gates of hell." Melancthon is indeed charged with being weak and flexible; but we must confess, that upon our own mind, the impression produced is rather that of the astonishing wisdom, the quiet spirit of holy moderation, which pervades the whole performance. Throughout the whole of the disputes in the Diet, it was seen how the mind of the great, but gentle Reformer, sought to harmonize differences, and to unite, if it were possible, Christian opinions in one prevailing sentiment of humanity and truth. And the character of Melancthon became known and revered wherever the opinions of the Reformation were known. Francis I. wrote a letter to him, inviting him to France, under the impression that he might clear the ground of its obstacles, and smooth the differences there; he wrote to him, "Francis, by the grace of God King of France, to our beloved Philip Melancthon, greeting." Luther was very desirous he should go, and urged upon the Elector of Saxony to permit it, alleging that the very expectation of seeing Melancthon had already put a stop to the persecutions in France, but the Elector feared to offend the Emperor, and Melancthon with much grief was compelled to send a refusal. How far he might have influenced the mind of Francis, who can say? Certainly his immense wealth of literary attainment, his dignified, gentle, and beaming spirit, must have made an avenue for him to the heart of a man who, if a religious bigot, was by no means insensible to the charms of a high and munificently cultivated intelligence. In the same year, 1535, Henry VIII. invited him to England for the same purpose as that which had moved Francis to invite him to France, but not with more success. It was about the year 1540 that Melancthon seemed in a severe illness to be approaching death; he made his will, feeling a deep persuasion that his end was approaching. The story of that illness is one of the little romances of pious biography. Luther hastened in

fear and alarm to the bedside of his friend ; it seemed as if Melancthon were almost gone, his eyes were dim, his understanding feeble, his tongue faltering, his countenance fallen, his hearing imperfect. Luther was in an agony of intense consternation, it seems to have been one of those great moments of passion and inspiration for which the mighty reformer was so famous. "Alas," he exclaimed, "that the devil should have thus unstrung so fine an instrument !" Then he fell upon his knees, and poured out one of those passionate irresistible prayers, "We implore, O Lord our God, we cast all our burdens on Thee, and will cry till Thou hearest us, pleading all the promises which can be found in the Holy Scripture, respecting Thy hearing prayer, so that Thou must indeed hear us, to preserve at all future periods our entire confidence in Thy own promises." Then he seized Melancthon's hand, exclaiming, "Be of good courage, Philip, thou shalt not die, trust in the Lord, who can impart new life." And while he spoke, Melancthon began visibly to revive, as though his spirit came again, and he was shortly after restored to health. After his illness he wrote to his great friend and biographer, Camerarius, "If Luther had not come to me I should certainly have died, I must have died had not Luther recalled me from the gates of the grave." Luther was to precede Melancthon in the journey to the House of Life ; it was in 1546, at Eislebin, the great Reformer departed ; his body was brought to Wittenberg, and there Melancthon pronounced his great oration by the grave of his mighty friend. After their intimacy, so close and memorable for a period of twenty-eight years : the friendship of these two was one of the most memorable in the history of human friendships. It is beautiful to contemplate the possibility of such unity. It has been beautifully remarked, "They were not perfectly agreed, but they were perfectly united ;" no littleness, no little aims or views seem to mar or flaw their sacred and cheerful relationship and intercourse, they seemed to feel how necessary they were to each other. On many matters the temper and structure of the mind and faith of Melancthon was more in harmony than Luther's. With requirements of modern thought, his sentiments on ecclesiastical rule were wider, and he seems to have felt that any Church was governed rightly when in its government it did not annul the authority of Scripture ; then with reference to the doctrine of justification by faith, he thought as multitudes have thought since, that Luther's view, while absolutely true, needed a more careful explanation and definition than the great Reformer gave it ; and with reference to the Sacrament, the opinions of Melancthon, while he entertained affectionate charity to all, rather in-

clined, and perhaps later in his life, distinctly inclined against the doctrine of the Real Presence in any sense, nay, in one of their discussions, when Melancthon remarked the Sacrament had no significance beyond its divinely appointed use, and that Christ was not present for the sake of the bread, but for the sake of the recipient, the form of the definition delighted Luther, that he exclaimed, "Admirable, Philip! thou hast seized from the Popedom what I should not have dared to attempt." Upon the death of Luther, Melancthon became in every sense the head and leader of the Reformed Church, on him devolved in a large degree the care of all the churches; but he became exposed to yet more malignant persecution, his enemies clamoured round him, and threatened not to leave him a foot of ground to stand upon in Germany. "Then," said he, "I will commit myself to the Son of God. If I am driven away alone, I have determined to go into Palestine, and in those lurking places where Jerome retired, by maintaining intercourse with the Son of God to write clear statements of Divine truth, and in death to recommend my soul to God."

While at Heidelberg, adjusting some literary arrangements, his tender heart was shocked by the intelligence of the death of his wife, after a true union of thirty-seven years; and two years and six months after he died himself. He was not laid by from his great and noble labours by any long illness; until within a day or two of his death he continued, although weighed down by weakness, his lectures, and his last was on the 12th of April, 1560, from the text, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" That night he was heard chanting, even in his sleep, "With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." He rose at three in the morning and would have lectured again; he put on his gown, but his friends had, unknown to him, dismissed a crowded congregation by the account of his illness. Every day during the two or three which remained now he said some beautiful things his friends loved to remember, texts which were very apposite and happy, and happy thoughts cheered him in his dreams, in his sleep came to him the words of Paul, "If God be for us who can be against us?" The pressure of pain led him once to exclaim, "O God, make an end," but a cheerful humour sunned his soul, and when he was removed into his library that he might die there, as his attendants were putting him on his couch he said, "I think I may call this my travelling coach should I remove in it." He was playing on his own thoughts and criticism he had just before expressed about Paul's saying, of a desire to depart or remove. He thought of the Church and its troubles, and again exclaimed

"If God be for us who can be against us?" Successions of texts fell cheerily from his lips; he exhorted his children to the study of peace, "Let them curse," he said, "but bless 'thou,'" and when he was asked if he would have anything else, he replied, in his familiar Latin, *Aliud nihil—nisi cælum*—"Nothing else but heaven." His life ebbed away like a gently falling wave. He was buried with every circumstance of respect, hundreds thronged to look in the unclosed coffin, at the marvellous symmetry of those matchless features and that celestial brow, which, through all ages since have been remarked upon as one of the most perfect of human countenances. Followed to the grave by students, citizens, strangers, professors, and nobles, he was laid in the grave by the side of his beloved friend Martin Luther.

To read and to review the life of such a man as Melancthon is always an elevating and healthful task. We know not where it is possible to find so perfect a piece of humanity in his age; he was like a sheep in the midst of wolves; ridiculous falsehoods, strange and incredible, uttered in his life, were of course repeated after his death. Specimens of these are in Varillas' *History of Heresy*, and in *Flormond de Remond*, such as that Luther found him in a baker's shop, where he was bound apprentice; and that he hired himself to a brewer. Equally false seem to be the assertions that after his death his body was taken up and burnt. The will of the persecutors was no doubt good, but as a statement it is false. Let us revive his memory and ponder the modesty of his illustrious example. What a fine anecdote that is of him, that when Eckius presented to him some puzzling sophism, Melancthon paused, saying, "I will give you 'an answer to-morrow.'" "O!" said his antagonist, "there is 'no merit or honour in that if you cannot answer me immediately.'" "My good doctor," said Melancthon, "I am not 'seeking my own glory in this business, but truth, I say then, 'God willing, you shall have my answer to-morrow.'" His salary was only about 300 florins a year, and when Cardinal Rembo heard of it he exclaimed, "Ungrateful Germany, to estimate at no higher a price so many and such labours of so great 'a man.'" But the reward of Melancthon to which he looked forward is contained in another item of the same conversation with the Cardinal, when he inquired, what were Melancthon's opinions of the resurrection and a future state, it was replied, "that his 'works were a sufficient proof of his belief in both those articles.'" The Cardinal said, "I should think him a wiser man if he did 'not believe them.'" But such was Rome and such was Melancthon.

II.

TWO NOVELS.*

FROM among the innumerable pieces of really able fiction recently given to us, most of which are quite beyond the compass of our ability to introduce to our readers, we must select these two: *The Starling* is a beautiful little story, evidently with a real sly purpose in it, and it well illustrates the development and growth of Dr. Macleod's power, it is a genuine Scotch story: a starling taught by Sergeant Mercer to talk, and whose incessant ejaculations at last brought both itself and its master into wonderful trouble, altogether beyond the apparent possibility of the insignificant cause—in fact, the Sergeant had taught the starling to whistle out the words “A man is a man for a’ that.” In his weakness for pets having caught it and tamed it for his little boy Charlie, one of its first and most important lessons was “I’m Charlie’s bairn,” and a bar or two of the ditty, “Wha’ll be king but Charlie.” His wife,

Katie, had more than once confessed that she “wasna unco’ fond o’ this kind o’ diversion.” She pronounced it to be “neither natural nor canny,” and had often remonstrated with the Sergeant for what she called his “idle, foolish, and even profane” painstaking in teaching the bird. But one night, when the Sergeant announced that the education of the starling was complete, she became more vehement than usual on this assumed perversion of the will of Providence. “Nothing,” said the Sergeant, “can be more beautiful than ‘A man’s a man for a’ that.’”

“The mair’s the pity, Adam!” said Katie. “It’s wrang—clean wrang—I tell ye; and ye’ll live tae rue’t. What right has *he* to speak? cock him up wi’ his impudence! There’s mony a bairn aulder than him canna speak sae weel. It’s no’ a safe business, I can tell you, Adam.”

“Gi’ ower, gi’ ower, woman,” said the Sergeant; “the cratur’ has its ain gifts, as we hae oors, and I’m thankfu’ for them. It does me mair gude than ye ken whan I tak’ the boy on my lap, and see hoo his e’e blinks, and his bit feet gang, and hoo he laughs when he hears the bird say, ‘I’m Charlie’s bairn.’ And whan I’m cuttin’, and stitchin’,

* 1. *The Starling; a Scotch Story*. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty’s Chaplains, 2 vols. Alexander Strahan.
2. *The Huguenot Family*. By Sarah Tytler. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

and hammerin', at the window, and dreamin' o' auld langsyne, and fechtin' my battles ower again, and when I think o' that awfu' time that I hae seen wi' brave comrades noo lying in some neuk in Spain; and when I hear the roar o' the big guns, and the splutterin' crackle o' the wee anes, and see the crood o' red coats, and the flashin' o' bagnets, and the awfu' hell—excuse me—o' the fecht, I tell you it's like a sermon to me when the cratur' says, 'A man's a man for a' that!'" The Sergeant would say this, standing up, and erect, with one foot forward as if at the first step of the scaling ladder. "Mind ye, Katie, that it's no' every man that's 'a man for a' that;' but mair than ye wad believe are a set o' fushionless, water-gruel, useless cloots, cauld socons, when it comes to the real bit—the grip atween life and death! O ye wad wunner, woman, hoo mony men when on parade, or when singin' sangs aboot the war, are gran' hands, but wha lie flat as scones on the grass when they see the cauld iron! Gie me the man that does his duty, whether he meets man or deevil—that's the man for me in war or peace; and that's the reason I teacht the bird thae words. It's a testimony for auld freends that I focht wi', and that I'll never forget—no never! Dinna be sair, gudewife, on the puir bird."—"Eh, Katie," he added, one night, when the bird had retired to roost, "just look at the cratur'! Is'na he beautifu'? There he sits on his *bawk* as roon' as a clew, wi' his bit head under his wing, dreamin' aboot the wuds maybe—or aboot wee Charlie—or aiblins aboot naething. But he is God's ain bird, wonderfu' and fearfully made."

By-and-by they lost their own little Charlie, and then to the Sergeant the bird became dearer still, as it still continued repeating its old cry. "I'm Charlie's bairn;" the poor Sergeant would say "Ay, ye're jist his bairn; and ye'll be my bairn ta' as lang 'as ye live." This is a simple peg upon which to hang a very pleasant and interesting story, but genius can find wonderful shadows in simple things; the bird, as Mrs. Mercer prophesied, got them all into trouble: the children of the neighbourhood supposed it must be a witch, and when the Reverend Daniel Porteous, the minister of the Kirk of which Mr. Mercer was an elder, came to see the Sergeant, and heard the creature uttering its extraordinary ejaculations, as Mrs. Mercer said, "Many a bairn ever so much older could not speak so well," the minister, shocked and horrified, insisted upon the death of the uncanny creature. Mr. Porteous' character is well drawn, his counterpart we have surely often seen.

Mr. Porteous had been minister of the parish for upwards of thirty years. Previously he had been tutor in the family of a small laird who had political interest in those old times, and through whose influence with the patron of the parish, he had obtained the the living of Drumsy-lie. He was a man of unimpeachable character. No one could charge

him with any act throughout his whole life inconsistent with the "walk and conversation" becoming his profession. He performed all the duties of his office with the regularity of a well-adjusted, well-oiled machine. He visited the sick, and spoke the right words to the afflicted, the widow, and the orphan, very much in the same calm, regular, and orderly manner in which he addressed the Presbytery or wrote out a minute of Kirk Session. Never did a man possess a larger or better-assorted collection of what he called "principles" in the carefully-locked cabinet of his brain, applicable at any moment to any given ecclesiastical or theological question which was likely to come before him. He made no distinction between "principles" and his own mere opinions. The *dixit* of truth and the *dixit* of Porteous were looked upon by him as one. He had never been accused of error on any point, however trivial, except on one occasion when, in the Presbytery, a learned clerk of great authority interrupted a speech of his by suggesting that their respected friend was speaking heresy. Mr. Porteous exclaimed, to the satisfaction of all, "I was not aware of it, Moderator! but if such is the opinion of the Presbytery, I have no hesitation in instantly withdrawing my unfortunate and unintentional assertion." His mind ever after was a round, compact ball of logically spun theological worsted, wound up, and "made up." The glacier, clear, cold, and stern, descends into the valley full of human habitations, corn-fields, and vineyards, with flowers and fruit-trees on every side; and though its surface melts occasionally, it remains the glacier still. So it had hitherto been with him. He preached the truth—truth which is the world's life, and which stirs the angels—but too often as a telegraphic wire transmits the most momentous intelligence: and he grasped it as a sparrow grasps the wire by which the message is conveyed. The parish looked up to him, obeyed him, feared him, and so respected him that they were hardly conscious of not quite loving him. Nor was he conscious of this blank in their feelings; for feelings and tender affections were in his estimation generally dangerous and always weak commodities,—a species of womanly sentimentalism, and apt sometimes to be rebellious against his "principles," as the stream will sometimes overflow the rocky sides that hem it in and direct its course. It would be wrong to deny that he possessed his own "fair humanities." He had friends who sympathized with him; and followers who thankfully accepted him as a safe light to guide them, as one stronger than themselves to lean on, and as one whose word was law to them. To all such he could be bland and courteous; and in their society he would even relax, and indulge in such anecdotes and laughter as bordered on genuine hilarity. As to what was deepest and truest in the man we know not, but we believe there was real good beneath the wood, hay, and stubble of formalism and pedantry. There was doubtless a kernel within the hard shell, if only the shell could be cracked. Might not this be done? We shall see.

And the whole story is just the unfolding of all the terrible persecution the pious, noble-minded Sergeant suffered because he would not kill his starling, how he was put out of his elder's

office, how the minister, and the minister's sister, proceeded to stir public opinion against so contumacious a character, and how that same rattlesnake, public opinion, sprung its loud rattle so that the Sergeant did not fail to hear it, and how it struck with its fang, as well as rattled with its tail. All things seemed to go wrong with the Sergeant, his enemies triumphed over him, the most wretched and pestilential sinners of the neighbourhood insulted him; but we are rejoiced that he was delivered out of the hands of all his enemies, raised up again from an illness which conducted him nearly to the gates of the grave, reinstalled in his office, and the starling parts company with us, springing from spar to spar in his cage, gazing on the minister steadily, and uttering in its clearest tones, "I'm Charlie's bairn. "A man's "a man for a' that."

After all we are sorry that the great and good Sergeant Mercer did not overcome his enemies so much by the inherent righteousness of his own cause, as by that combination of circumstances, which made one scoundrel afraid of him, and compelled him, as he had touched the strings to persecute, to retouch them to save from persecution. Slighter foundation for a story was scarcely ever laid, but it is told admirably, and evinces every kind of power; it is the production of a large, full and thoroughly furnished nature, in abounds in strokes of the most real pathos and tenderness; it teaches in the most kindly manner delightful lessons; the reader is conscious all along that the author is laughing at some persons and institutions, that he is slyly winking at, and poking, that well-known and highly-respected minister Mr. Porteous in the ribs; we only fear that astute Mr. Porteous won't understand the joke, or, if he should, may transfer his vengeance from the starling to Dr. Macleod. There is not an unkind word in the book; a more beautiful instance of teaching by humour has not recently been given to us.

The Huguenot Family brings us back to English ground: an English village in Norfolk, upwards of a century since, the little old-world village of Sedge Pond. Thinking so highly as we do of the author's *Citoyenne Jacqueline*, a book may be most able and admirable, and yet fall short of that performance, unless our poor judgment deceives us, that is one perhaps of a dozen really fine and perfect fictions of our time. *The Huguenot Family* reminds us rather of the author's days of yore. Those vivid sketches of past times, sometimes bold outlines, crayons, sometimes closer studies, fine refinements of detail, careful studies of light and shade, sharp distinct portraits of character, an individualization or a generalization—for this writer always reveals the accomplished artist, and always shows the careful patience,

the determination to make herself thoroughly acquainted with her characters, keeps perhaps too obviously her own purpose before the reader's eye, and so exposes herself to the charge preferred against her by some of her critics of sermonizing in this work perhaps too much. It is a story of the rough life of an old English village of the middle of the last century, and the mention of the Eastern Norfolk counties instantly suggested pictures of old Crome to our mind, to which it bears a striking resemblance; it produces upon the reader exactly the effect of his well-known *Mousehold Health* in the village life of nature, but the prevailing pensive gloom. There is indeed, as we have implied, no absence of human character, interest or incident, but the effect is like that produced upon the mind by a picture in which the artist has wrought in the effects of wood, and water, sky and moor, with the sombre feeling arising from the absence of human life and association.

The village of Sedge Pond at any period in the eighteenth century was by no means a model village. It was situated between London and Norwich. All was misty, flat, and monotonous about it; but there was the perfection of verdure in marsh and meadow, broken only by patches of yellow-bearded corn and red-flowered clover. There was a sleepy, lulling motion in the slow river, with its clumsy barges, and there was breadth in the blue distance. The roads, both high-road and by-road, were heavily rutted in their yellow soil; the low-lands were liable to be flooded at particular seasons by the sluggish, stagnant brown water. There were rough, bristling, purple and olive-coloured bits of "wäaste," to take in everywhere. There was a castle—a mass of pretentious white masonry, which had replaced a more picturesque, weather-stained, crumbling tower, partly seen among the woods which rose above the Dupuys' cottage; and there was a rectory like a château itself, steep-roofed, gabled, and pinnacled, and with pleasure-grounds, and a wilderness. This latter had the advantage of a constant tenant and a numerous, flourishing household. There was not another good house in the village, saving Shottery Cottage, which was a remote appendage of the castle, and the ale-house, which was a place of public entertainment, and not of private convenience. The other houses stood in irregular rows and groups, and were dropsical, bulged-out, discoloured cottages, covered with thatch, and in every stage of rottenness. For that matter they were much indebted to the house-leek, and here and there to a side growth of ivy, for holding them together; for nature was trying hard to embroider them over with some of her own leaf and flower-work—wonderfully good embroidery, which makes men forget the ruin in rapture at the tracery over it. There were no spouts above, nor gutters below the cottages, nothing to protect them from the prevailing wet except narrow stone ledges, like eyelids without eyelashes, placed above the never-opened windows,

filled with small, thick, diamond-shaped panes of glass, where they were not broken and boarded up, or stuffed with straw, grass, wool, or anything which had at the moment come to hand. Beyond these ledges the moisture dripped, soaked, gathered, and grew green-coated. The common was a puddle, the wells were one or two open draw-wells, and before each door there was a heap of fermenting, festering refuse. Any gardens belonging to the cottages were like the villagers in this respect, that their good qualities were out of sight. They lay in diminutive shaggy plots of potatoes, turnips, herbs, with occasionally a straggling, neglected, and misused flower, hidden behind the houses. Indeed, had it not been for the quiet, home-like landscape, with its corn-fields in their cool fresh green, ripening and whitening in strips and nooks among the pasture, and the castle park thrusting forward and separating the more rural scene with a woodland bluff or shoulder, dark with tufts of chestnuts, oaks, and plane-trees, the village of Sedge Pond would have been as uncomely a village as ever housed refugees, and bred and fostered small-pox, purple fever, and ague.

The church was half a mile distant from the village, which was thus out of the comfortable sight of its spire, and of everything but the faint sound of its hoarse bell, although it was easily reached, down a short lane communicating by a private gate, about midway up the castle avenue. The little churchyard, in one visitation of the plague, had become full to the brim, and the oppressed earth—crammed not by means of coffins, but by trenches—had been forced up breast high with the wall, and was left behind, to add its quota to the other disease-distilling influences of Sedge Pond.

In some eyes the ale-house atoned for all defects and drawbacks. It was a low, wide, octagonal building of mellow red brick, with stone coping, and containing several large, low-browed, brown rooms, with long tables, wattled seats and benches, and in which there were fires at every season, smouldering like carbuncles, or roaring and blazing like furnaces. These were the chosen retreats from the skittle-ground, the bowling-green, and the court where the mains between the game-cocks were fought on each side of the white-washed porch. All the revelry and debauchery of the neighbourhood went on there, and revelry and debauchery were so much the gross habit of the day, that the place set apart for them was not viewed with any suspicion, but was actually invested with an influence and respectability which absolved it from the necessity of becoming the "Castle Arms," or seeking such patronage as any tavern, inn, or hostelry in the kingdom would now do. If one takes into account, in addition, the white foam of tankards, the light curling blue vapour of pipes, the cribbage-boards, the soiled newsletters for those who desired other stimulants and more intellectual influences, together with the social intercourse, and occasionally the larger gatherings of a more festive character, where there was a mixture of sexes, it is possible to understand how to the hob-nailed, red-cloaked peasants of Sedge Pond, comfort and amusement meant the ale-house. What Grand'mère Dupuy had therefore to contend with, when she proposed to supersede their staple good, with

its black shadow of brutality and crime, was something which would sorely task her light, subtle French substitutes, unless she supplemented them by something infinitely better.

To this village came the family of the Dupuys; of which, if Yolande Dupuy attracts us by her youth, piety, and womanly beauty, Grand'mère Dupuy is quite the most delightful, and interestingly drawn; she is the chief character of the volumes, a most charming old French Huguenot lady; the author seems to have a wonderful skill in rendering French character, and this old French lady is as distinct not merely as any portrait which ever shone upon canvas, but as any person with a marked and beautiful individuality which ever met us in life. She sets herself to improve the character, and to refine the barbarisms of her rugged English neighbours, and like most reformers she suffers tragically for all her pains.

Grand'mère Dupuy was a resolute, enthusiastic old woman, and was no cipher, but a ruling spirit, though it must be understood that she ruled with the old metaphorical ivory wand, draped in myrtle, in the house of her married, middle-aged, emigrant son. Accordingly, that very afternoon, as she had said, she set about beginning her attack upon what she had found the locked and padlocked fortresses of Britons' hearts at Sedge Pond.

With innocent wile and womanly tact she said to Yolande,

"These honest villagers hunger, though they do not starve, as they did in poor France after its bloody wars and ghastlier splendours. Yes, these Sedge Pond folk want in the midst of plenty. They live, like the hogs, on sodden bread, raw meat, and vegetables. They have the dyspepsia or the spleen. See how purple and tallow-faced they are; hear of their surfeits, their fevers, their wastes, their pinings. They really know nothing of their own word 'comfort,' save in connection with swilling and smoking in the ale-house. That is not even a resting-place for travellers, as with us,—only a rendezvous for the natives. When we are merry, it is under the walnut and olive-trees, in the games. It may be giddiness and light-mindedness, as your mother says; but it is not riot. But when they are merry, it is in the ale-house—always the ale-house. Even when they have the fair, what is it but the whole streets filled, the stalls surrounded, the caravans visited by the customers of the ale-house? The marriage-guests are borrowed from the ale-house; their harvest-feasts are kept in the ale-house, or are versions of the ale-house feasts in granaries and barns. Fie! I believe their magistrates sit, their choristers practice, their clerks, perhaps even their ministers, relax themselves from their cock-fighting and their execution of highwaymen in the ale-house. In one word, comfort and amusement for the peasants of England mean—the ale-house. My child, the stomach has something to do with that; the cooking, the housekeeping at least, may be improved. I don't say

that we have not a great deal to learn ourselves, above all a marmot, a flower of the cabbage like you, Yolande ; but we will remember that wherever the French have settled the leprosy and the scurvy have disappeared. We will let the poor people taste our savoury *pot-à-feu*, our cool *gôûter* of the sliced artichoke or the cucumber, our warm *ragoût* of the cutlets or the kidneys, our bland almond milk and our sweet succory water. I wager they never tasted anything so nice, and will not care for the harsh heady yeast after it. They will turn their backs on the ale-house and its commodities. We will go to-day to Goody Gubbins ; she is an incurable, and has only the parish for her relations. I have seen the pastor's servants carrying her greasy messes and muddy slops, just a little better than the everlasting beans and bacon and hunches of bread and cheese of the ale-house. Who knows but, if the good God will bless the deed, we may work a Reformed miracle, and heal the sick ? ”

Madame Dupuy's intentions were excellent and kindly, though a little short-sighted and halting, as the most excellent intentions of fallible mortals are apt to be. But she did not let the grass grow beneath her ancient, tripping, high-heeled, silver-buckled feet in executing them. She had her own cooking apparatus and her own stores : ingenious though economical the one, and of an ample, skilful range the other. She was never without her simmering *pot-à-feu*, the materials for her summer or winter *gôûter*, or the glass in which her pebbles of sugar were dissolving and sinking in a thick, luscious syrup to the bottom of the clear spring water. She had her pipkins, her ewers, her trays—plain enough, for she had come from among a people who were so stanch that not more than a third of their number had succumbed in creed to a lengthened era of fines, penalties, imprisonments, and law-suits, which had converted their silver to copper, and their porcelain to earthenware. But all the utensils were distinguished by clever fitness for their end, by neatness of form and gaiety of tone, and when the austerity into which the Huguenot Church has been driven did not forbid it, even by an elegant simplicity of design. Nor did it detract much from the elegant simplicity of Grand'mère Dupuy's accompaniments that in practice she wore silk and lace, or that in principle she was a Huguenot and *bourgeoise*. M. Dupuy had been and was still connected in trade with silk manufactures ; and no one, with any pretensions to the position of a gentlewoman, dressed in other materials at that date. On close inspection it might have been seen that the silk had been very artistically scoured, and the lace very artistically darned. And on minor matters again, Madame Dupuy was more of a French woman, and still more of a human being, than any thing else.

After dinner Grand'mère Dupuy set out from the Shottery Cottage with Yolande, who carried the *pot-à-feu* in a pipkin moulded from a gourd, with a gourd leaf and stalk for the handle, and carried it very much as another girl would have carried a basket of roses, or a casket of jewels ; but still sombrely, distrustfully, reluctantly, for all her air. Grand'mère walked slowly beside her with her coral-headed staff,

eagerly recounting, as she went, how she had always taken it with her when she went to visit her sick at Toulouse, until the peasants hailed it, made much of it, named it the little red madame, *Madame Rougeole*.

The life of those rugged times, which in another style entertain us in the pages of Fielding, Smollet, and Richardson, is given in these volumes. Barbarous times they were, as the village of Sedge Pond well knew. All times have their traces and relics of barbarism; in ours, if newspapers and novelists are to be trusted, there are to be found marks of barbarous life scarcely inferior to those which seem to be a century old. Possibly, also, of those times, a story might be written showing the prevalence of good taste, refined Christian sentiment, and elevated character even then. Man does not differ much from man in any time, put a spark upon his passions, inflame him by jealousy, suspicion, and hatred, and in many a quiet circle the mild-looking men of the present day would be quite equal to the carrying of a faggot to a martyr's stake and bringing a torch to set the pile in a blaze. Education alone will not make the difference, but a refined Christian conscience, an elevated Christian character, such alone know how to bear and to forbear. Characters like those so wholly different in all early training, habits of education and thought, and modes even of looking at Christian truth, as Grand'mère Dupuy, the noble rector, Philip Rollé, good squire Gaze and his son,—if one could get a world now made up of such as these, we might safely trust truth and opinion to walk their quiet course; but savage, illiterate, coarse villagers and sleek, but not less savage, untrained lords and ladies in the great Rollé Castle, introduce very disturbing elements, and even a well-regulated rector's household finds in its midst how the daughters of the family tread along quite another way and find themselves much more in sympathy with the evil things of the castle than the justice and righteousness of the rectory. The reader will like Caleb Gage, and his fine utopian dreams of doing good for the sake of his Master. The old gentleman, an old English squire, was one of the early Methodists, a quiet and not fanatical enthusiast, whose remaining link to earth, after the death of his wife, was the marriage of his son, and his earnest desire to see him united to Yolande Dupuy, and very probably he might have brought it about much more easily than it came about ultimately but for the circumstance pathetically given in the following passage. He and Grand'mère Dupuy had made a mistake in attempting to negotiate the matter between them before, and the

next morning the old Squire thought he would go over to the Shottery cottage and attempt to make crooked things straight. It seemed doubtful, and—

Even the manly part which Caleb had played in the outrage, carried out as it was under a miserable and mortifying misconception, was not calculated to recommend him to tender-spirited and high-minded women like Grand'mère and Yolande.

But old Caleb Gage was nevertheless sanguine. He was ready to throw himself into the breach and bear the burden of another's conceits and vagaries. To do this for his son, who was ordinarily so wise and reasonable, that his late temper and conduct could only be accounted for by a love-disturbed brain, with its heady fumes, would give him the purest delight. He would have out his nag and saddle bags the first thing in the morning, and ride across to Sedge Pond, and be himself the bearer of the regret and repentance, the confession of hastiness and wilfulness. He would at the same time solicit and plead for the restoration of the terms which had already been laid down and shabbily treated.

In the meantime, standing in the porch in the fitful starlight, he forgot the cold and the gloom, and expounded to itching, half-amused ears what he called the "illustrious gain" which the presence of a gentle, refined, intelligent, godly woman was to a family, and the pinching loss it had been to him and Caleb to be confined for so many years, even to the best of the Libbie Larkins and the Mistress Hephzibahs, among womankind. Not that the good creatures were not true women in their best features, but they wanted the tact, the discrimination, the rich sympathy and wide charity of his dame, and were no more to be compared to her "than clambering peas to mantling vines." The Squire by intuition and deduction ranked Yolande among these fair, wise, virtuous women, and prophesied her eminence and the rare gift that her presence would be to the Mall, until it almost sounded as if he looked for the return of his Lucy, who had gone from him so early; in his excitement he even called Yolande by the name of Lucy, and spoke eagerly of the improvements which would be made and the progress which would be attained when Lucy should be with them.

The great bell clanged for the exercise, and the conversation of the Squire and his son was abruptly brought to a termination. The two went in with the rest of the big motley family, and sat among the company of preachers, licenced and unlicenced, the widow and the orphan, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. The Squire did not conduct the services, but only took his turn with the others as Brother Gage. But this chanced to be his night to preside. He read as his passage of Scripture the last chapter of Job, and to the marvel and mystification of many of his hearers, he returned thanks in his prayer for a treasure which had been taken away from the Mall, and of the return of which there was good hope.

The last words the Squire said to Caleb before retiring were still full of the past and the future:

"Lad, I have bethought me of something that was your mother's to give to Yolande. I mean her work-table. She kept that when she disposed of everything else that belonged to her, even to her harpsichord. I think she might have kept that when I kept my books, for sure noble verse is made to be wedded to sweet music, and methinks stringed instruments were constructed to compass the union, that it might sound its best of praise God withal. But my dame had not a tuneful ear, though she was in all else as many-sidedly tuneful as the wind or the waters. But see now, her Huguenot daughter might have brought the harmony of Clement Mariot's psalms from the dumb wood and ivory, for these foreigners have a skill of their own in harmony. However, Lucy could put her table to use in the making of coats and garments, like Dorcas—the end to which she was thenceforth to devote her needle. Here is the key. I have kept it at my watch-guard till now, when I deliver it up to you until the day when you can make free to hand it to your dame that is to be. Had this been July, and not October, I might, French fashion, have taken a posy in my hand from you to her to-morrow, and sent you no farther than the hedges to gather it, for those women, with a right down love of flowers—and, bless you, I like the sign—don't mind though they be scarcer or no more scented than hawthorn or honeysuckle."

The next morning, when the good Squire was called betimes to set out on a bridal errand for his son, he was found lying solemn and serene on his widowed bed, having departed over-night on a sudden journey, with the gift of the faithful remembrance and the tender admiration of his brave manhood and age in his hand, wherewith to greet his wife in the city from which there is no going out.

We give a very inadequate account of either the one or the other of these beautiful little fictions. Both the *Starling* and the *Huguenot Family* are of that pure and elevating order which may well be read aloud in families. Perhaps the *Starling* furnishes the finest illustrations of character painting; the sunshine of a happy, joyful humour pervades it, even in the pages where the comedy seems sadly likely to shade off into tragedy. The east wind cuts across all the scenes in the *Huguenot Family*, all the tints are autumnal, seriousness and sorrow, a sense of exile and disappointment seems to wrap the whole characters around; and those of them who feel it not are like spectres, and their laughter turns to a kind of ghostly gibber, and is the most tragic of all. But they are both books of unquestioned eloquence and power; there is, perhaps, in the *Huguenot Family* too much diffuseness in the speeches, perhaps especially of Grand'mère Dupuy; she never talks without wisdom, and often even with a certain humour of character, and we read with delight, only feeling that, as a dramatic development, persons seldom speak for three or four pages together. The interest of

the *Starling* is sustained by its condensed running of all incidents into the life and speech of that one worthy. The interest of the *Huguenot Family* spreads over many characters, homes, places, and incidents, but in both there is the wisdom that instructs, and the incidents, conversation, and character which charm. As to Dr. Macleod we implore him to let us have another fiction right speedily.

III.

GOD'S GLORY IN THE HEAVENS.*

WE are glad to welcome a new edition of this charming little book, the size of which is quite out of proportion to its interest and value. It is simply popular—it only deals with astronomical science in such a manner as to hold the interest of ordinary thoughtful readers, but we know not where, among recent volumes, we can refer to one in which the more recent discoveries are put forth in so delightful and entertaining a manner. The telescope, and especially the process of the spectrum analysis, improved lenses, and the refinements of modern calculation, have introduced such changes into the science—or have rather so enlarged the boundaries of its observation—and so increased the intensity of its interest, that however beautiful as popular expositions such books as those by Professors Holmsted and Mitchell may be, something is needed to their completeness, however impossible it may seem to transcend the readability of their composition; but even the volume before us reminds us, as we glance through it, of some fresh discoveries, either since its first edition or so near to that period as not to find a place here. Among the most interesting of these are the contributions of Professor Adams, the Director of the Cambridge Observatory, and especially that

* *God's Glory in the Heavens.* By William Leitch, D.D., late Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, Queen's College, Canada. Strahan, London.

most remarkable one, for which, last year, he received a gold medal from the hands of the President of the Royal Astronomical Society, a discovery which rectified the ordinary impressions with reference to the motion of the moon, and which seems to prove indisputably, that she travels at a wondrously swifter speed and accelerated rate than in the last century, when Laplace fixed her rate of travel. It seems as if the only possible alternative to this conclusion is, that if the moon is not travelling more swiftly, the world itself is travelling more slowly. The moon, as our nearest neighbour, affords ready means of observation, and in some recent numbers of the *Intellectual Observer*, the Rev. Mr. Webb has sketched some of the very remarkable outlines of the hills and craters, recalling the singular observations of Gruethuisen in 1822 ; he supposed he had discovered a city in the moon ; at any rate, he was free to call it so, as he distinguished its ramparts, and ridges, and huge fortifications. To such matters, however, and the discoveries of the last few years, it was impossible that Mr. Lietch should refer, and now we believe that he hath gone to the city that hath no need of the light of the sun. Few works on astronomy have an interest in style at all approaching to the splendour of the subjects treated of, the volume before us has great felicity, beauty, and clearness, and is an incomparably delightful book for those who would either revise and review the topics of their old knowledge, or take note of the advances which have been made by recent excursions. Mr. Leitch has a happy distinct way of illustrating his subject by homely and striking figures, so that, in something after the manner of that fertile illustrator Hugh Miller, he cannot fail to convey his meaning. Into the calculations and processes of discovery, very few readers are able to advance, few have the ability, and few the time ; but every science has its own romantic incidents in its history, or its own especial poetry and mysticism, every science opens up the avenues of the infinite. This is as much the case in a leaf or a grain as in the orbit of a planet, or the more eccentric magnificence of a comet's path ; but astronomy especially sublimates the mind, and the infinite remoteness of the specks of light, streaming over our head at midnight, compels the most ignorant and astute intelligence to look up with wonder and awe, and to feel some measure of thankfulness to the guide, whoever he may be, who can take confidently by the hand, and lead the watcher through the celestial spaces. And every such volume, not to refer to the more huge, massive, erudite, and complicated, reminds the reader how little is known. Probably many readers will find in this volume for the first time the account of the discovery of the new planet Vulcan ; it forms one of the most interesting little

romances of science, and is indeed, in many of its particulars, not unlike the discovery of Neptune, by Adams and Leverrier. In the instance of Vulcan, however, the discoverers were both Frenchmen, and a small obscure village physician had the honour to guide M. Leverrier to the observation of the planet. Leverrier had suspected its existence, had announced what seemed to be required by his sense of what was necessary to the order and stability of the system. He declared that there must be a planet between Mercury and the sun; he could not otherwise account for the perturbation of Mercury, and he called on all observers to keep a sharp look out upon the sun's disc, as the only way of discovering it was by its transit. In 1859, the great director of the Imperial Observatory received a letter from the small town of Orgères, in the department of Eure-et-Loire; this was from M. Lescarbault, announcing that he had on the 26th of last March observed a small planet cross the disc of the sun. In company with a friend, the Abbe Moigno, the astronomer took the train directly, and started down to Orgères, the village doctor, half afraid of his own discovery, had kept his secret to himself for nearly six months. The astronomer more than half suspected a hoax in the matter, and it seems, rather started from Paris with the idea of punishing the impudent attempt to play off a trick upon the director of the Imperial Observatory. He took with him also a civil engineer, M. Vallée; they went together by train, so far as the train would carry them; but it seems it stopped short twelve miles of the doctor's village; footsore and weary they trudged along, and at last they reached the doctor's door. The door was opened by M. Lescarbault himself, and the great man at once gave his name and titles, drew himself up to his full height, and began to talk very severely. "Is it you, sir," he said, "who pretend to have discovered the intra-mercurial planet, and who have committed the grave offence of keeping your observations secret for nine months? I have to tell you that I come with the intention of exposing your pretensions, and demonstrating your great delusion, if not your dishonesty." The account of the interview is recited in Mr. Leitch's book from the words of the Abbé Moigno, with quite dramatic interest and life. M. Lescarbault was a simple, truthful, timid man, a quiet, unpretensive observer of celestial motions; and he was able to state distinctly what he had seen; but even while he was engaged in describing to M. Leverrier his observations, a village patient came to the door, and no one could ever say that the doctor had neglected his patients to attend to the stars—M. Leverrier must wait; and he waited. The doctor, however, shortly returned; he found, upon inquiry, that it was the old story of the pursuit of knowledge

under difficulties ; the doctor had no astronomical appliances of a high order, like genius from of old, he had made his own tools, and reached the valuable results by very imperfect instruments. "Where is your chronometer?" the imperial astronomer said. "My chronometer? I've only this minute watch, my faithful companion of all my professional visits." "What, with that old watch, making only minutes, do you dare to talk of estimating seconds? I fear my suspicions are too well founded." But the doctor showed, to his satisfaction, how he had accomplished the object with the aid of a ball, hung by a silk thread, and swinging seconds, combined with the counting of his pulse while observing, he attained the requisite accuracy. Then as to the telescope, was it good enough to see the small black point? The noble man had, after great privation and suffering, saved enough to buy a lens; the optician, seeing his enthusiasm and poverty, gave it him cheap; he made the tube himself, and all the fittings necessary to mount it properly, and by means of threads, stretched across the focus of the telescope, he measured distances on the sun's disc. So far satisfactory, now for the observation; it might, after all, be a fabrication. The poor physician had never dreamt of going through such a process of catechising and examination; he confessed that he was in the habit of burning his scraps of paper, on which he jotted down his observations. At last, however, a piece of square powder paper was found in his nautical almanac; it was spotted with grease and laudanum, and its figures seemed scarcely to correspond with the deduced observation which he had transmitted to the astronomer; this, however, was accounted for by an allowance made for the clock error. Next, he was asked, had he made any attempt to calculate the distance of the planet from the sun. He modestly answered, that he was no mathematician, but he had been attempting some calculations. "You must send me the rough draft of those calculations." "My rough draft! your request embarrasses me much, paper is a scarce article with me; I am somewhat of a carpenter as well as an astronomer, and I make all my calculations in my workshop, I write with chalk upon the boards which I am using; I fear I have obliterated the calculations in question, but come and see." No, the calculations were still traceable, the evidence was complete; Leverrier changed his whole tone, and gave to the poor doctor his hearty and cordial congratulations. Further, when Leverrier inquired of the village authorities into the character of the discoverer, he found that he was a skilful and laborious practitioner, and a most benevolent and pious man. The discovery was published to the world; his claims to honour represented to the Emperor, and the village doctor is now decorated

with the order of the Legion of Honour. Other honour than this he would not receive; the medical men of Paris invited their brother to a grand banquet at the Hotel du Louvre, and the remarkable good sense of the man shines out in the following reply :—

“I beg to express my most grateful acknowledgment for the flattering invitation which you have sent to me. I am far from being worthy of such a testimony. I am not a savant, as you appear to believe. The honourable offer of a banquet, which you have made me, does not accord with the habits of my simple and retired life; besides, I have received similar offers from our brethren of Chartres and Blois, which I have declined. The duties of our profession do not admit of such frequent absences; and I have not the facilities which you enjoy of securing a substitute to wait on my dear patients. I earnestly hope that you may take no offence by my thus declining the invitation.”

And so the planet Vulcan was discovered, and its place in the heavens certified, though we confess we would rather call it the planet Lescarbault, as he seems to have had more to do with it than the respectable blacksmith of heathen mythology. The distance of Vulcan from the sun is about half that of Mercury, the time of revolution is nineteen days seventeen hours, four times less than the period of Mercury's revolution, while Mercury appears to be seventeen times larger than Vulcan; but it seems impossible by this single discovery to account for the perturbations in the neighbourhood of Mercury, and it is likely therefore there are other small planets to be discovered on the sun's disc. This discovery, however, is embarrassed by the possibility of confusing the small black spot known as a planet in transit with the solar spots, although still an error not likely to be made by a thoroughly competent observer. Passing from such observations as these, which enlarge the sphere of knowledge, it is very interesting to notice the wonderful refinements of modern observation upon the objects themselves within the sphere. The lamented Dr. George Wilson wrote an interesting paper on the “Chemistry of the Stars.” Some similar and more profound results are worked out, or perhaps we ought rather to say alluded to, by Professor Tyndall, in his interesting treatise on “Heat.” One of Professor Leitch's interesting papers is entitled the “Chemistry of the Sun.” It is very remarkable, wonderful indeed, that a little angular bit of glass, turning aside a ray of light, should be the means of revealing to us the secrets of planetary structure; the spectrum analysis is the most marvellous modern instrument of research that has been placed by science in the hands of

man; the prism has the power in the separation of colour, its decomposition of a ray of light, to detect the nature of substance, whether in an atom or a world. A felicitous illustration of Mr. Leitch's power of making what he teaches clear to the mind of an ordinary reader occurs in the following passage:—

If a solid body, such as platinum or charcoal, be raised to a white heat, the spectrum given by the prism will be complete, and perfectly continuous,—that is, all the colours will be found following one another in regular order; but they will not be cut up or striated by dark lines. This arises from the solidity of the body. If we saw only the naked incandescent ball of the sun, there would be no dark lines in the spectrum. How, then, are we to account for these lines?—simply by supposing that the sun is surrounded with a gaseous envelope, in which the incandescent particles of various substances are diffused. These substances intercept the rays of the incandescent body of the sun, and they intercept in such a way as to betray their nature. The climax of the discovery is, that the dark lines are the negative spectra of the gaseous substances in the sun's atmosphere. What is meant by *negative* is, that the bright bands in the spectrum of any substance, when diffused in the flame of a lamp, become black in the solar spectrum. Suppose that, when viewing the solar spectrum, the light of the solid or liquid photosphere of the sun were suddenly extinguished, the gaseous atmosphere still glowing, the colours which we at present see would be at once extinguished, and all the dark lines would become bright bands with their appropriate colours. We would now be viewing a gaseous incandescent atmosphere, and we would have the spectra of all the bodies in this atmosphere represented by these bands. The next total eclipse will present an opportunity of applying this test. The perfect conversion of the positive into the negative spectrum is that which gives its validity to this new analysis. We can read these lines and interpret their meaning, as distinctly as we read the symbols and formulæ of the chemist. We have only to ascertain what is the positive symbol of any substance by diffusing it in the flame of a Bunsen's lamp, and then look to the sun for a similar symbol; the only difference is, that, in the former case, the letters are written in coloured inks, whereas, in the latter, they are all black; but the form, grouping, and position are such that their meaning cannot be mistaken.

But how is it that the spectrum of a substance is coloured in terrestrial flame, and black in the gaseous envelope of the sun?—simply from the circumstance, that behind the incandescent atmosphere of the sun there is the brighter incandescent solid or liquid photosphere of the sun. It is this brighter background that makes the lines black, just as the bars of a window appear dark when viewed against the sky, though painted white. A truer idea is afforded by the illustration of the comb. Let us take, for example, the spectrum of sodium. Here there is only one tooth, all the other primitive colours being wanting. This single tooth is yellow, and we shall suppose made of

glass. If you look through this yellow glass at another yellow but much brighter object, such as the yellow portion of the sun's spectrum, it becomes a dark line. The yellow tooth, or bar of sodium, when thus seen against the yellow portion of the sun's spectrum, becomes a black line, and we know that it is the same, from its position in the spectrum. Finding that the dark line, called D, in the solar spectrum, corresponds with the bright yellow band of sodium, we conclude that sodium is part of the gaseous solar atmosphere interposed between us and the sun. Other substances have more bands or teeth; and as there are many substances in the sun's atmosphere, the lines are like so many combs laid the one over the other, each having its own character, number and disposition of teeth, so that, though they appear confused, it is possible to single out the more marked with great ease. The sailor can easily detect, through the forest of masts in a harbour, the rig of his own ship; and the chemist can easily discover, amidst the crowd of lines in the solar spectrum, the pattern corresponding to the various substances. In this way, iron, magnesium, chromium, sodium, and nickel, have been found in the sun's atmosphere. On the other hand, no trace has been found of silver, copper, zinc, aluminium, cobalt, and mercury, though they have very characteristic spectra.

In the same way also the stars have been put into this wonderful alembic; even the remotest stars that burn in space have, as it were, been dissolved, or resolved, into their constituent materials. Few discoveries illustrate more profoundly the vigour, almost the omniscience, to speak it reverently, of the human mind. We seem to know, too, as the result of these modern discoveries, more of the work and structure of the sun than we ever knew before. We learn how all the power of our system, of a physical and material kind, is derived from the sun; he is the great slave of man, he works every spinning-jenny in our manufacturing towns, forges every shaft, propels every ship, turns every water-wheel, moves the limbs of every man and every animal. Does the reader ask how? A moment's thought will give the answer. The rays of the sun elevate the water into steam, which turns the wheel; the vapour may be deposited in the form of rain, the rain accumulates in the river, the river fills the buckets of the wheel. Nor is the body of man any exception to this obvious generalization, all animal structures can be traced to vegetable food, and the vegetable world is the storehouse of force emanating from the sun. The tides indeed seem to elude this great generalization, but if they seem at present to form an exception to the generalisation, it is probably only an apparent and not a real exception. Professor Leitch says:—

It is by the impalpable lever of the sunbeam that the central power

acts on our distant globe. And mark how conveniently concentrated the sunbeams are for our daily use. Were we under the necessity of relying upon the diffused heat of the sun, it would be very difficult to apply its power. We might, no doubt, employ glasses to condense the rays of the sun upon steam-boilers, but the result would be more curious than useful. We have, in nature, a far more useful condensation, viz., fuel, which is just a vehicle for the sun's power. The water-fall is another convenient form of condensed power supplied to our hand. The sun's rays are imprisoned by the very act of raising the water to a higher level; or, in other words, they are transformed and condensed into mechanical power.

Science, with all that distinctness of enunciation which is its boast, not only does not prevent the mind of the free observer from entertaining mystical views of nature, but the further it advances, the more it discovers, the more mystical, we do not mean the more indefinite, or even the more confusing, but the more remote, transcendental, and wonderful its conclusions seem. Man, even the man of science, has been likened to a fly endowed with powers of sense and comprehension, crawling over a vast piece of Gobelin tapestry, of which he cannot at one time see the whole, although aware of its gorgeous colours, and its orderly drawing and working. That which Cromwell said of himself, that he goes farthest who knows not whither he is going, is eminently true of man in general, as he penetrates into the great workshop of nature, everywhere he sees an amazing becoming and unfolding; time and space are only the expressions of consciousness, they retreat before us. What is time? what is space? They are only the science, and that is the limitation, of things. The study of the morphology of plants gives the same lesson as the morphology of planets, all things are seen as in the process, beneath the influence of the law of—becoming. Thus, as it has been said, physiology rises higher than systematic botany, comparative anatomy higher than descriptive zoology, and history is more than statistics. Schleiden, in his interesting work on the planets, describes how once in a visit he paid to a lunatic asylum, he went into the room of one of the poor inhabitants, and saw him crouching down by a stove, watching with close attention a saucepan, the contents of which he was carefully stirring. As the Professor entered, he turned round with a face of the gravest importance, and whispered, "Hush, hush! don't disturb my little pigs, they will be ready directly." Full of curiosity to know whither his diseased imagination had led him, Schleiden approached nearer. "You see," said he, with the mysterious expression of an alchemist, "here I have black-puddings, pigs'

"bones, and bristles, everything that's necessary, we only want the "vital warmth, and the young pigs will be ready made again." It was the absurd dream of a poor lunatic, but not unlike that error of certain naturalists, in which the whole universe is beheld as a kind of seething-pot, out of which a definite mixture of definite substances produces the perfect individualized naturalized body. Such concisely, perhaps, was in many minds the famous nebulous theory, through the rendering of which it is not necessary that we should follow Professor Leitch. Only again may we notice how the spectrum analysis, and other such observations, by unfolding simple relations, but not less astounding because simple, enable us to spy a little into the mysteries of nature, and behold in wonderful succession the unfolding of her marvels. But as the mind travels on, seeming even as it goes to unspiritualize nature, a mechanism is beheld, and one purpose is seen to hold the strings and to direct the motions of all things, from the courteous lily and the modest violet of our world to those remotest orbs which only by most patient observation visit the eye by a cold and transitory glitter; the boundary of man's knowledge as it enlarges into the more inexplicable, the more incomprehensible in nature—as by scientific treatment it seems to withdraw itself further from all scientific treatment—proclaims something higher and better, calls man, by the contemplation, more distinctly from the ungodly, the merely human, the scientifically inexplicable, to the mystery of beauty and the worship of God.

Whatever estimate a man may set upon the achievements of Comte, a sensible man will scarcely be disposed to regard his saying as a very sensible one, that "the heavens do not declare "the glory of God, but only the glory of Newton and Laplace."

That art man scarce can comprehend,
Can man bestow?

We should not think it a very sensible conclusion that the steam engine declared the glory of the little child who was made to comprehend at school the mode of its working, rather than that of its great discoverer James Watt, and yet this seems the absurdity of those who refuse to behold in the glorious revelations of astronomical science, with all its amazing jewellery of stars, the indications of an infinite Eternal mind. It is true, as Paley has said, that while astronomy is not that science we should perhaps select in order to unfold to a simple and uninformed intelligence the sense of the being of a God, God once felt and believed, astronomy furnishes the sublimest and most

marvellous illustrations of His working; Professor Leitch might have quoted, as De Quincey has quoted in his essay on the "System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescope," the brilliant rhapsody of Jean Paul, his dream vision of the infinite as it reveals itself in the chambers of space.

"God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'Come thou hither, and see the glory of my house.' And to the servants that stood around His throne He said, 'Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh: cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils: arm him with sail-broad wings for flight. Only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles.' It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wing they fled through Zaarrahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death that divided the worlds of life: sometimes they swept over frontiers, that were quickening under prophetic motions towards a life not yet realised. Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film: by unutterable pace the light swept to *them*, they by unutterable pace to the light: in a moment the rushing of planets was upon them, in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. To the right hand and to the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and by answers from afar, that by counter-positions, that by mysterious combinations, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose—at altitudes, by spans—that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities above, that descended to the eternities below: above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body: depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly as thus they tilted over abyssmal worlds, a mighty cry arose—that systems more mysterious, worlds more billowy—other heights, and other depths—were dawning, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed, stopped, shuddered, and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears; and he said, 'Angel, I will go no further. For the spirit of man aches under this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God's house. Let me lie down in the grave, that I may find rest from the persecutions of the Infinite; for end, I see, there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued one choral chant—'Even so it is: angel, thou knowest that it is: end there is none, that ever yet we heard of.' 'End is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded. 'And is this the sorrow that kills you.' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the

heaven of heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God? Lo! also THERE IS NO BEGINNING.' "

Mind indeed directs all this, it is mind which makes the whole difference in man, "Man," says our writer, "valued simply as a "source of mechanical power, is worth about three tons of "coal; let a man labour all his life, and his labour will not exceed "the mechanical power stored up in about three tons of coal—not "a single truck of fuel; but it is intellect which enables man to "multiply indefinitely the strength of his body." If such statements as these seem to be almost independent of immediate astronomical observation and speculation, they certainly do not less illustrate God's Glory in the heavens, in the order and stability of the system, and the wondrous interdependency we have forced upon our thought, everywhere the sense of an infinite pervading intelligence; a journey through space, which the mind of man may take, even if confined to a little village, opens up the most brilliant vistas, and suggests the most astonishing results of thought; what wondrous views arise from the observations on the Lunar Landscape, from its diversities of colour and sharp outlines, which assume the aspect of real mountains, valleys, and plains, and as we have seen, to some bolder speculators, even of cities, of citadels, one region assuming the aspect of ploughed fields, and another of a vast savannah, one district covered as if with a rich green, from waving grass or forests of pine, and known to astronomers as the "Sea of Serenity," another part seeming to give indications neither of a forest nor a sea, for hundreds of miles a dead flat, and called, to distinguish it, the "Sea of Showers;" their peaks solitary and grand, like that of Teneriffe, start from the plain unconnected with any mountain range, abrupt as pyramids from the sands. Professor Leitch is very eloquent as he pedestrianises with his instruments of science over the moon, wending his way to "Mount "Eratosthenes."

This circular mountain, or rather range of mountains, is thirty-seven miles in diameter; and we know its dimensions more accurately than those of the mountains of our globe. The ascent is by a comparatively easy slope. We do not feel the want of mules, for we combine the strength of a man with the weight of a child. We can bound from rock to rock more lightly than the chamois, and can leap across chasms six times broader than any we could venture to take on the surface of the earth. Were it not for this convenient lightness, the task would be impracticable. The rocks have all their natural angularity. There has been no weathering to mitigate the roughness; and chasms and sharp peaks face us at every turn. We at last gain the summit, 7,500 feet

above the plain outside. An astounding spectacle presents itself, when we view the interior of this vast volcanic crater. The rise on the outside of the rim is gradual, but in the inside it is almost perpendicular. As we cautiously creep to the edge, we see plumb down 15,800 feet, which is about the height of Mont Blanc above the sea. Let us take a stone—a large block can easily be lifted—and drop it over. How long it hovers in the air! It descends so slowly—six times slower than upon the earth—and it has so far to descend. Did we listen ever so long, we would hear no reverberation from that profound depth. In many places around this circular mountain wall there are traces of terraces. In fact, the whole is a vast amphitheatre seated with terraces. In the centre of this crater a mountain rises many thousand feet in height. Let us transport ourselves to the summit; and, as you look around, you find yourself imprisoned within a perpendicular wall, 15,800 feet in height, and eighteen miles distant on all sides, with no possibility of egress. There is no gap in the wall, no outlet by which you may escape. On the summit of the central cone on which you stand, there is a lesser cavity, through which the ashes and lava, of which the cone consists, were ejected. But all activity is past, and eternal silence reigns. You stand on volcanic ashes, but you do not suffer the inconvenience of ascending the cone of Vesuvius. Thanks to the weak attraction of the moon, you can tread on the treacherous slope without sinking.

If the moon furnishes the readiest mount of observation in the Heavens, the comet furnishes the most rapid and excursive chariot for a drive through space; on Halley's comet, for instance, making an excursion 300 millions of miles beyond Neptune, the most distant planet of the system, wonderful and inevitable speculations grow in the mind as we pass along: "Nay," says our writer, "there is no physical reason why we should not pass through the tail of a comet without ever knowing it." This being so it is curious to receive the hints which some men have indulged in, although our writer does not refer to them, on the influence of the comet—or the tail of the comet, through which our planet passes, upon our own atmosphere; bring the spectrum analysis to bear upon the constituents of that kind of fuel which the mysterious visitor pours upon our globe, and perhaps we may a little understand how likely it is that disturbing forces are originated from metallic substances, of which we have but little conception. The chemistry of a comet, although it has not received, we believe, much attention, yet is quite as important to us as the chemistry of the sun, and far more important than the chemistry of the remote stars. Yet these weird and awful strangers, apparitions, impalpable spectres, ghosts gliding through the haunted chambers of the solar system, are probably, if the truth about

them could be known, not less related to the stability and order of the whole framework, than the regular and pendulous beat of the quiet planets. The stability of the solar system is one of those startling enquiries which have for ages occupied the profoundest calculations of the ablest and most inquisitive minds; like the human frame, the solar system seems to be a self mending machine: we quite sympathize with our author in the feeling that this does not at all interfere with the sense of an intelligent cause presiding over the whole system, as a watch may by the ingenuity of the maker be constructed so as to regulate itself for a long period of time—watches have been made, we believe, which go for twelve months without winding up, and most of our readers perhaps have seen the watch, now in the French Exhibition, said to go for thirty years without winding up! we suppose these instances would not seem to indicate the absence of intelligence in the watch-makers, but rather to prove the presence of extraordinary intelligence; so in regard to the stability and harmony of that department of the universe, in that little village which we call the solar system;—nay, and it does seem that some great changes are transpiring, the breadth of the orbit of our earth is subject to secular variations, alternately it bulges out into a circle, or narrows into an ellipse, it has been for ages expanding into a circle, it will again collapse, it seems to act like the pulses of a great heart, in which however the seconds are ages, expanding and contracting; but by this very pulse beat maintaining the stability of the whole system. “This knowledge is too wonderful for me, it is so high I cannot attain to it,” the reflection of the old inspired poet of the Mesopotamian fields has probably been the reflection of every reader as he has looked up to that which, to most minds, can only be an awful wilderness of worlds; yet there are minds that can step from planet to planet, and from sun to sun, beholding in every distinct constellation a separate firmament, a cluster of independent worlds; they have nevertheless found them all to be separate rounds of one great ladder, leading up and on to the Infinite. If, sometimes, in the midst of the magnificent and mysterious handwriting it seems difficult to spell out the personality of God, a consolation arises from the fact that sometimes it is hard in walking through such dizzying elevations to retain even our own personality; but we soon retreat to the intelligence within ourselves, and by the light within we learn to read out and reason the infinite law, and love the intelligence and wisdom which holds the whole as in a comprehensive hand, and learn to find in what at first seemed a mighty maze without a plan God's glory in the Heavens.

IV.

THE LABOUR CRISIS.*

DURING the past year the industry of the four great manufacturing countries of the world—the United States, England, France, and Belgium—has been in a state bordering on disorganization,

* We reprint this paper upon the most vexed and alarming question of our times, from the last number of the *North American Review*. It is very thoughtful, and perhaps more generous in its avowed opinions towards the working classes than most of the utterances of the press of this country. The writer seems disposed, in his desire to be just, to be too generous towards our Trades' Unions; he certainly does not sufficiently refer to those enactments and bye-laws which, in such associations, deserve the name of social crimes. Labour is evidently wondrously equalizing its advantages in many parts of the world, but America is the paradise of the labouring man. On the Old Continent it has many things to strive against for its meed of right; many are in the hostile circumstances against it, and many in the hostile facts incident to its own nature. The question of labour rarely gets itself rightly stated in this country; the political economist utters a vast number of abstract truths and propositions which, as the writer of the following paper has shown, are admirable, for the most part, only hypothetically. How far the working classes of our land will be able to work out their own salvation is a long and doubtful problem; it is not too much to say that with us they are much more petted than loved. The feud between labour and capital is a smouldering fire; they lie like regiments ready to spring upon each other, yet they acknowledge their mutual obligations, and seek to conceal their mutual fears. The writer of the following article states more clearly than we have usually seen the difficulty—alas! we do not think he clearly sees any remedy.

1. *On the Collection of Revenue*. By Edward Atkinson. Boston: A. Williams and Co. 1867.
2. *Annual Report of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, Smiths, and Pattern-Makers for 1866*. London.

owing to incessant strikes amongst the workmen. Trades which would have hardly ever struck before, such as the hair-dressers and tailors, have struck now. Even that most ignorant and degraded portion of the European working class, the farm-labourers of England, have been seized with the prevailing mania, and, after a slumber of five hundred years, have learnt to combine, and have had the audacity in some districts to ask for a rise in wages, and to refuse to work until they got it. What has made these strikes, too, the more alarming to capitalists is, that the organizations which direct them may now be said to pervade all the more highly-civilized countries, and that the employer's old device of drawing labour from other places no longer avails him. The railroad and the telegraph have not simply enabled the workman to move about readily in search of employment, they have enabled him to hold his own against the master in the place in which he is. The English Trades' Unions—after having first brought the skilled labour of their own country under their control, and subjected it to a discipline which, considering by whom it has been devised and put in force, is perhaps the most remarkable social phenomenon of our day—have extended their ramifications to the Continent, and are now in alliance with similar organizations in France and Belgium, Italy and Switzerland, and have held one great "conference" at Geneva to cement it. The result is, that, when a strike occurs in any of these countries, not only is it no longer possible to put it down by importations of labour from the others, but assistance in money is freely rendered to the strikers by the members of the "International Association." An example of this co-operation has been afforded in the case of the London and Paris tailors, who have struck almost simultaneously, and render each other mutual aid.

Europe and America are too far apart, and the conditions of labour in them differ too widely, to render concerted action between European and American workmen possible; but the Trades' Unions have, in many of the great branches of industry here, been brought to as high a degree of efficiency as in Europe. Still we doubt whether that perfect discipline which pervades the English and Continental organizations can be found in America in any of the trades, for the simple reason that in England it is supported by intense class feeling. There the working-man on a strike is not simply a labourer who wants more wages: he is a member of a distinct order in society, engaged in a sort of legal war with the other orders, and he is bound to his fellows, not simply by community of material interest, but by sentiments of caste pride and fidelity. His employer is not simply a capitalist in whose profits he is seeking a larger share: he is the member of a hostile class, which the workman does

not only not hope to enter, but which, both in France and England, it is considered mean or traitorous or cowardly for him to desire to enter. This feeling, we need hardly say, does not exist in America. The social line between the labourer and the capitalist is here very faintly drawn. Most successful employers of labour have begun by being labourers themselves; most labourers hope, and may reasonably hope, to become employers. The idea of an "order" is either unknown or unfamiliar to him. Should the worst come to the worst, he has the prairies behind him,—a fact which, however valueless it may be in individual cases, diffuses through every workshop an independence of feeling, a confidence in the future, of which the European knows nothing. Besides this, the American working classes are in the enjoyment of political power, and have during the last four or five years shown a disposition to use it to further the ends which in Europe can only be obtained through strikes; and this, whether successful or not, naturally leads them to attach less importance to trade combinations.

In England the growing power of the Trades' Unions, now so great as to overshadow capital, and appear in the eyes of "good society" a political monster of portentous mien, has caused the issue of a Commission of Inquiry, which is sitting as we write, and taking evidence of leading members of these organizations, as to their character, aims, and mode of working.

A very violent discussion has been raging in England over the morality of the rule which forbids the man of unusual powers from using them for his own personal advantage, either by working over-hours, or doing more work than others in the same time. The Unions defend it, unjust as it seems on the surface, as simply the exaction, on behalf of a class, of the species of abnegation which is expected of every man on behalf of his family or at great crises of his country. Disquisitions on the abstract justice of their rules seem to us as much a waste of labour as discussions over the severity of the articles of war. All that can be said for them is, that they are, under present circumstances, necessary, and this is all that need be said.

They indicate very clearly that we are entering upon the last stage in the process by which the working classes have been raised from the condition of slaves into that of freemen, and by which the last vestige of stigma will eventually be removed from the practice of "the base mechanic arts."

The law of modern social progress, as Professor Maine has pointed out, is the substitution, in nearly all relations of life, of contract for status, but there is no class of the community on which this law has acted more slowly than the working class. In archaic society

everybody occupied a status provided for him by the law before he was born. He was either a slave or a Son under Power all or the greater portion of his life; the woman was always the ward of her male relatives. In primitive societies there were, no doubt, free labourers, who worked for their families; but as states grew, and industry spread, and riches accumulated, free labourers disappeared, until it is safe to say that, before the fall of the Roman Empire, nearly all the work of the Roman world was done by slaves, employed either by their owners or by persons to whom their owners hired them out, as negro slaves were so frequently hired out by owners at the South in our own day. Farm-labourers, artificers, miners, domestic servants, actors, and even literary men were slaves. The free labourer had literally no place in Roman society. The conversion of the slave into the serf, which was the condition in which he was found at the dawn of modern history, was a great step in advance; but it is only within the present century that the last traces of serfdom have disappeared in Europe. In Russia, until within the last three years, some of the best mechanics were owned, as the Roman mechanics were, by persons who pocketed their wages, or forced them to compound for them; so that it may be said that, although the process began more than a thousand years ago, it is only within the lifetime of the present generation that the substitution of contract for status has been completed. Nobody is now predestined by law to any calling or condition. When he has reached the years of discretion, he can determine what his pursuit shall be. The lives of all of us, of course within the limits prescribed by our circumstances and our capacity, are regulated by contracts of our own making, and not by legal rules or traditions or customs.

Probably few, who have not paid very close attention to the social phenomena of our time, have noticed to what an extent this change is affecting many of the most important relations of modern life. Parents, for instance, retain, and must always retain, the legal right to regulate the conduct of their children, until the latter attain their majority. But in practice the exercise of this right is undergoing serious modifications. The advocates of implicit, blind obedience are becoming almost as rare as the advocates of corporal punishment. Children are not now expected, as they were expected fifty years ago, to do or not to do things simply because "they are told," or because they are children. Most plans of education are based on appeals to the understanding; and parents and teachers think it necessary, whenever it is possible, to give reasons for their orders or decisions, to point out the natural, and not simply the artificial, consequences of obedience or disobedience, and thus to bring the child's own will into play in the regulation of his conduct.

In like manner the institution of apprenticeship may almost be said to have disappeared from among us, at least in the form in which our ancestors were familiar with it. Half a century ago, a lad, who wanted to learn a trade, was literally forced to become a bondsman for five or seven years. He was made a member of the master's family; his conduct was controlled by orders and rules from his rising to his lying down. His earnings belonged to his master, and the trades were not open to him until he had served out his time. He might be beaten or disciplined in any other way short of legal cruelty that seemed necessary to secure his obedience; and if he ran away he was advertised for, pursued, and brought back, with much the same formalities as a fugitive slave. In fact, advertisements offering rewards for the capture of runaway apprentices were not uncommon in the Northern newspapers sixty years since; and we know with what earnestness one set of interpreters of the Constitution of the United States have contended that the clause providing for the return of fugitives "held to service" applied to apprentices, and not to slaves. But apprenticeship of this kind may now be said to be unknown. No lad will accept such a position, and few masters would like to have him work for them on any such terms. As a general rule, apprentices remain apprentices as long as they please; and in practice the master's claim on their obedience is no stronger than on that of his journeymen. In many trades, too, apprentices cannot now be had on any terms. Young men learn trades when they choose and how they choose.

So also in the relations of husband and wife, the tendency of legislation in all modern states—of course it is in some more rapid and more perceptible than in others—is to reduce marriage to an instrument for the legitimization of children simply, leaving all the relations of husband and wife which are not necessary to this end to be regulated by individual will. The common law had a status ready for the wife, into which she passed the minute the ceremony was over, and which placed both her person and property under the absolute control of her husband. In most European countries the woman is deprived, by custom, to this day, of freedom in choosing her husband; but in all of them there is every day a stronger and stronger movement towards her liberation from all legal incidents of matrimony which are not necessary to prove the paternity of her children and provide for their maintenance. One of the rights of woman, too, which is most strongly asserted in the prevailing agitation about her condition, and one which we have little doubt is rapidly obtaining recognition, is her right, even after marriage, to the control of her person in the matter of child-bearing.

We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely. Our proposition is perhaps, however, sufficiently clear, and may be summed up

by saying that the tendency, both of legislation and of usage, in modern times, is to release all human beings from obligations imposed by imperative law, and to submit our social relations more and more to the dominion of contract simply.

The labourer passed out of the domain of status long ago. He has been in Western Europe, in theory, for several centuries, under the *régime* of contract; but his circumstances have been such that he has never been really emancipated. He has always been so poor, and so ignorant and helpless, that he has never been able to assume in practice the position which the political economists have persistently assigned to him. A contract, both in law and in political economy, is an agreement entered into by two perfectly free agents, with full knowledge of its nature, and under no compulsion either to refuse it or accept it. When a political economist talks of a thing being regulated by contract, this is the kind of contract he means. When he makes his deductions from his theory of contracts, he invariably assumes that the parties to the contract have really acted freely, under no influence except that of an intelligent self-interest. The labourer has, however, since his emancipation, never been able to be a party to any such contract as this. He has, as far back as we can trace his history, been drunken, improvident, ignorant of every thing but his trade; living in wretched dens, and working in foul shops, for what economists call "natural wages," that is, the wages necessary to keep him and his family alive; breeding with a brute's indifference to the future of his offspring, and always pressing with so many mouths on his means of subsistence, that a week's idleness meant starvation for himself and his wife and children. The means of locomotion were scant and costly, so that, even if there was better work to be had by changing his place of abode, he could not seek it. But whether it was to be had or not he had no means of learning. We of this generation are so used to cheap postage, the telegraph, and the newspapers, that, although we marvel much over them in our speeches and poems, very few of us realize what the condition of society was when they did not exist, how slight was the intercourse between different localities, and how largely the news which passed through the country was composed of travellers' gossip, vague, scanty, and unreliable. For all practicable purposes a labourer's market, almost down to our own day, was the district in which he lived; and it was so easy for employers to combine, and employers did combine so constantly, that in many callings dismissal by one carried with it exclusion from the service of all the others. As if, too, this tremendous power of a comparatively wealthy and intelligent class over a poor and ignorant one was not sufficient, combinations of workmen against employers for any purpose were long prohibited by statute in England; and although this law

has been modified, a workman's refusal to fulfil his contract is an offence still punishable criminally before a magistrate, while a master's can only be reached by a civil action for damages.

To talk of a man in this condition contracting with his employer was an abuse of language. The relation between the two was only contract in a legal sense ; in a moral sense it had none of the incidents of a contract ; and it is right to add, that, whatever illusions political economists may have cherished about it, the rest of the world has never cherished any whatever. To society at large, the labourer has never been a man who sold so much labour for so much money, and gave full value for what he got. He has been a kind of retainer or vassal, who was favoured by being allowed to work, and from whom the employer was entitled to exact, not simply the service agreed upon, but deference and obedience with regard to the conduct of his whole life. As codes of minor morals, too, are usually framed by the employing class, the labourer was saddled with a variety of duties, which in no way flowed from the nature of the wares he offered for sale. The right of an employer, for instance, to the political support of his workmen, though not recognized on paper, and generally repudiated with indignation at public meetings, is nevertheless secretly held in Europe at least by nine-tenths of the capitalist world ; and even in America, the common saying about the folly of " quarrelling with one's bread and butter," is but the expression of a rough popular recognition of the doctrine that, when a man agrees to sell his labour, he agrees by implication to surrender his moral and social independence. Whether this theory of the labourer's position be a good or a bad one, we are not now discussing. All that we say is, that it is not the economist's theory, or, in other words, that the economist's theory of the relations of labour to capital are not supported by the facts of daily life. What I agree to do in order to escape from starvation, or to save my wife and children from starvation, or through ignorance of my ability to do anything else, I agree to do under compulsion, just as much as if I agreed to do it with a pistol at my head ; and the terms I make under such circumstances are not by any means the measure of my rights, even " under the laws of trade."

When, therefore, political economists talk of wages as being fixed by the proportion which labour bears to capital at any given time and place, they presuppose a state of things which is purely ideal. It is safe to say that, until within a very few years, the rate of wages has, in no European country at least, been regulated in the manner here described. The most powerful regulator, and the only constant one, has been the labourer's ignorance and necessities.

It appears, then, that, although the emancipation of the labourer

in modern times removed all legal bar to his selling his labour in the best market, or, in other words, selling it for such share in the products of labour and capital as the laws of political economy entitled him to, his education and social position have been such, that in practice, the capitalists in each locality have had a monopoly of his labour. In other words, he has been legally free while socially bound. In books and in lectures he has, it is true, since the rise of political economy, been treated as the equal of the capitalist, and is always spoken of in scientific treatises as simply the vendor of a commodity in open market; but in real life his position has been that of a servant with a fixed status.

Now the growth of education amongst the working classes, the increasing variety of employments, the increasing demand for labour created by the progress of discovery and invention, and the improvement in the diffusion of news and in the means of locomotion, have naturally opened their eyes to this wide divergence of the facts of their lives from the theory of political economy. They are very willing to admit that the relations of labour and capital ought to be what the economist says they are,—that the hiring of a labourer by a capitalist should simply mean the sale of a commodity in open market by one free agent to another. But then, they say, the bargain cannot and does not take place in this way. When a farmer brings his wheat to market, if he thinks the price offered too low, he carries the wheat back again to his barn, and waits patiently and comfortably for a rise. If the corn-dealer thinks the price asked by the farmer too high, he goes home, puts up his money, and waits also. After a few days or a few months, during which both parties have lived in perfect comfort, the demand of the public probably makes itself felt with sufficient emphasis to enable them to come together once more and agree upon a price. So also, when the capitalist goes into the market in quest of labour, if he finds that it costs more than he thinks it ought to cost, or more than he had calculated on paying, he withdraws, or waits, or invests in something else, or seeks labour in some other region; the only inconvenience he suffers being a temporary, and to him probably trifling, loss of returns. When the workman goes into the market with his labour, on the other hand, if he finds wages are lower than he thinks they ought to be, he cannot wait in order to subject them to the test of capitalists' competition. He has not the means of remaining idle or seeking employment elsewhere. He may have some savings, but they are all that stand between himself and sickness, or between his family and his death, and he dares not touch them. His labour all the year round is barely sufficient to support himself and those dependent on him, and a month's or a week's idleness may plunge him in want or in debt. An attempt, on the part of an individual

labourer, to bring the capitalist to terms would simply result in a contemptuous dismissal. The laws of political economy no doubt work constantly, but they work slowly; and if the labourer always waited passively for the promised result, he might never see it, or it might find him in the almshouse.

It has, therefore, been apparent to the working classes, that, even supposing the economists to state correctly the laws of their science, the workman could not live by them, unless he were by some means raised, in making his bargain, to the master's level,—unless he were enabled to treat with the capitalist on a footing of equality, as political economy supposed him to be, but as he was not. It was plain that to this level the individual workman could not raise himself in the present state of society. The only remedy was combination, the union of a body of workmen large enough, by mutual aid, to support each other in testing the market by waiting, and to subject the employer to something like the same inconvenience in waiting to which the men are subjected.

Of course a strike is a wasteful and clumsy process; but so is war, so is all speculation for a rise. The only excuse for it is, that it is the only means of reaching the desired result. If, when a scarcity is impending, people would only foresee it, and cut down their consumption voluntarily, instead of having economy forced on them by the hoarding of speculators, much labour and waste would be saved. If, when business has been too much expanded, and credit begins to get shaky, business men would voluntarily narrow their undertakings, instead of waiting for the banks to raise their discount and restrict their accommodation, the prudent and the careless or chimerical would not suffer together as they now do. If, in short, human nature were only what it ought to be, the saving in money would be incalculable, for two-thirds of our time is really spent in guarding against the consequences of folly or stupidity. Strikes are sad sights, for the same reason that armies and courts of justice and jails are sad sights.

The more excellent way, and that to which we believe and trust we are now coming, for the decision of what the rate of wages ought to be, would be for the capitalist to take the labourer into his counting-room, and show him his books, reveal to him his rate of profit, and prove to him that he could not afford to give more for his labour than he was giving. But this would be a formal acceptance of a theory of the relations between labour and capital which, until very recently, the capitalist has always scouted. He has maintained, indeed, that the interests of labour and capital are identical,—a phrase which, though often used, and by some people regarded as something exceedingly valuable, has about as much practical importance as the statement that honesty is the

best policy, or that true happiness comes from virtue. The interests of labour and capital are identical in the long run, and on a great scale; but no capitalist feels them to be so, in his particular case, and on a particular day. He does not go into any business expecting to treat the labourer as a partner, and make him share in his prosperity by giving him a portion of his profits. He expects, on the contrary, to make a large portion of his profits by giving the labourer as little for his labour as possible, that is, by taking all the advantage he can, though perhaps not knowingly or designedly, of the labourer's ignorance or necessity.

It might be said, in the same way, that the interests of the cotton-grower and cotton-manufacturer are identical: so they are in the long run. It is the interest of the grower that there be plenty of manufacturers, and that they all get high prices for the finished article. It is the interest of the manufacturer that there be plenty of growers, and that there be large enough crops, and demand enough for the raw material, to encourage cultivation. But it is the interest of the manufacturer, nevertheless, to get his cotton on any particular week at the lowest possible price, without regard to the grower's necessities; and for this purpose he uses all the skill and knowledge and power of waiting he may possess. Nevertheless, both grower and the manufacturer are paid out of the same fund.

Of course, if the labourers worked for nothing for a year or two, it could be shown that by so doing they not only benefited capital, but benefited themselves, inasmuch as the greater the profits of capital, the more capital will there be hereafter for the employment of labour; and it might also be shown that capital, by bestowing all its profits for a while on labour, and thus stimulating the multiplication of labourers, prepared the way for cheap and abundant labour at some future period. But what is the use of speculations of this sort, except as an exercise for the wits? The real hard fact is, that the interests of capital and labour, in a particular year and in a particular place, are *not* identical. The capitalist makes all the profit he can out of labour, just as he does out of any other commodity; and the labourer gives as little labour as he can in return for his wages.

It is easy enough to tell the labourer that, the rate of wages being regulated by the proportion borne by the number of labourers to the quantity of capital actually engaged in production,—and the capital in this particular business having undergone no increase,—and the number of labourers having undergone no decrease,—he is entitled to no rise in his wages, no matter what profits may be. In the days before he knew anything

about combination he would have accepted this answer as sufficient, and gone on with his toil, while his employers every day received larger and larger dividends, bought gaudier coaches and faster horses, built themselves finer houses, wore finer silks, and drank costlier wine. He would have found himself powerless. Remonstrance would have brought dismissal, and dismissal would have brought starvation. But having learnt to combine, he refuses to accept the capitalist's exposition of the laws of his condition. He insists on establishing a relation between wages and profits, not in the long run, but at once. In vain you tell him the capitalist has to provide out of the gains of profitable seasons for the loss of unprofitable seasons, and for the hazards of all seasons. He will reply, that, as the capitalist takes care of himself, so must the labourer; that the labourer's capital is his labour, and that he too must make hay while the sun shines,—must make provision in days when consumption is brisk, and profits are high, and labour in demand, for days in which consumption will be dull, profits fail, and labour in no demand; that the labourer, it is true, runs no risk which would be considered by a capitalist worth mention, but he risks his all every day he rises. His capacity of earning twenty dollars a week is a very small matter, but it is all he has in the world; and in order to make it valuable as possible, he creates, by combining with others, an artificial scarcity of the commodity in which he deals:—or to put the matter in an odd, but perfectly true economical light, the labourers unite in dismissing their employer until the latter consents to divide with them a larger share of his gains.

We think nobody who considers the matter calmly and impartially can help wondering that economists should expect labourers to accept their statement of the law of wages, as a solace for the ills of their condition, one minute after they have discovered what combining can do them. They have found in this a means—clumsy and imperfect, no doubt, but which, as we all see, is every year growing in efficiency—of securing for themselves in reality what political economists have assured them in theory,—an identity of interest with the capitalist, or, in other words, a participation in his profits as well as in his losses. At present the labourer does not share in his employer's prosperity unless it is long continued, while he suffers from his adversity at once. What he seeks is to share in both instantaneously, whenever they come, and whether they last longer or shorter. Of course the risks of capital are great, but so are its prizes. The success of his business to the capitalist means a fortune; to the labourer, his employer's success means simply

the continuance of his daily wages. For any marked improvement in his own condition he cannot look. No matter how hard he may work, or with how much zeal for his employer's interests, he has nothing to hope from it, except the sweet consciousness of his own virtue, and the cold approval of the man he has benefited. Most capitalists look forward to retirement from trade after a few years of successful application to business ; and even if this expectation be not fully justified, they enjoy throughout their career abundant opportunities for recreation, for travel, and for culture. The labourer, however, is at present situated in nearly every country in the world, has little to look forward to except a life of constant toil ; and even the soberest and most frugal and most highly paid is rarely able to save more than enough to provide for himself in case of illness, or to secure a pittance to his family in case of his death. For books, for amusements, for any of the thousand and one distractions which sweeten the life of the class above him, nothing remains after he has clothed and fed himself and his family.

Now to say that this is part of the natural order of things, the result of the working of the laws of political economy, that it has been ordained that the labourer should receive barely enough to live on, though the man who employs him is making one hundred per cent. per annum, and that he should always be paid in fixed wages, is to beg the question. That is the theory which nearly all sociologists have until now accepted, but the very object of the present agitation is to try its correctness.

How large a number of unchangeable things are only unchangeable because we have never seen anything different, has been pointed out and illustrated by philosophers over and over, and this is peculiarly true of social phenomena. Every day witnesses new discoveries in the sphere of moral duties and relations. We have seen how greatly the relations of master and servant, of parent and children, and of husband and wife, have been changed in the modern world by the growth of individualism. What we have now to see is whether we have reached the last stage of development in these relations, or whether further modifications are still possible. For several hundred years it has been accepted as one of the ultimate facts of political economy, that the labourer must be the servant, in all senses of the term, of the capitalist ; but we maintain that that relation was as little determined by natural law as the relation of master and slave. What we have to see is, whether in the future he may not be the partner of the capitalist, and whether the will of the working classes, embodied in custom, may not assume the appearance and force of an economical

law, and make, after a while, their participation in profits, and not daily or weekly wages, seem the natural mode of paying for labour.

When Co-operation is talked of as a remedy for the troubles between labour and capital, what is almost always meant is the co-operation of labourers with labourers, the capital being borrowed or contributed by them, and the work of superintendence being done by some of their own number, elected for the purpose. There is little question that this is the form of organization to which labour is tending, and which it will ultimately assume ; but it may be doubted whether the mass of labourers in any trade are yet in a sufficiently advanced state of culture—to say nothing of the material difficulties in their way—to render this possible as an immediate substitute for the present state of things. Large capitalists can always carry on business to greater advantage than small capitalists ; and there is, we need hardly say, little probability that co-operative associations of workmen will, for a long time to come, be able to muster capital in large enough quantities to compete without disadvantage with such individual manufacturers as are able to secure steady labour. Moreover, the difficulty of obtaining in any association of workmen, possessing the amount of mental and moral discipline now common in that class, the requisite efficiency in general management, must for a long time to come prove serious. It has been overcome in several cases in France and England, but the number of these successes is still comparatively small. The attempts which have been made in this country have usually resulted in the conversion of the enterprise into an ordinary partnership composed of two or three individuals, and the withdrawal of their remaining members, or their falling back into the position of journeymen. Although, therefore, we look forward to seeing labour eventually organized in co-operative associations, and to seeing all the great accumulations of capital held by these associations,—and, what is more and better, to seeing a state of things in which the position of a mere hired labourer, dependent on daily wages, will be occupied only by a very small and insignificant class, and that class composed solely of the vicious and unusually unskilled or unstable,—we think the next stage in the progress of labour, and that to which the present agitation is likely to lead us before very long, will be the co-operation of labourers with capitalists, the association of the men with the master as partners, receiving in lieu of wages, or in addition to wages, a share in the profits, after the deduction of a fair, probably a high, interest on that capital, thus sharing his prosperity as well as his misfortune. This,

we venture to predict, will be the form of relation between labour and capital which will be witnessed in most manufacturing countries before very many years have passed. It has already been tried in some English factories with marked success ; and although the majority of masters will of course find it very hard to fall into it, inasmuch as it involves the sacrifice of some pride, of some cherished habits, and of some anticipations of profit, which, even if not always realized, and if becoming every year more difficult to realize, as anticipations have their value. That it is possible has been proved by one or two experiments in England, where it has saved at least one firm from the ruin which was impending over them from the incessant strikes of *their* workmen, while since its adoption all has gone on smoothly.

That it may prove successful, and that the example thus set may be imitated all over the country, every friend of humanity must heartily desire.

As everybody now knows who knows anything at all of the history of social science, amongst the thousand fallacies and superstitions by which the world was ridden in the Middle Ages was the fallacy that money was not only wealth, but the only real wealth ; that whatever brought gold into a country enriched it, while nothing else did. From this flowed the delusion that all operations of trade which did not leave behind a large residuum in gold and silver were losing operations, and that therefore in every commercial transaction somebody must lose, that both parties could not be gainers, and that which was the gainer was to be ascertained when the account was closed, by seeing which could show most specie as the result. Spain acted on this theory in her management of her magnificent colonial empire in the New World, and flattered herself that she was laying the foundations of endless wealth, when her fleets of galleons unloaded their cargoes of precious metal on her quays. Other nations not having gold-bearing colonies acted on it in their regulations of foreign trade. The governments saw that men, when left to themselves, entered every day into transactions which did not leave behind a residuum of specie ; that, in the ordinary course of trade, gold left the kingdom almost as much as it flowed into it ; and that, in point of fact, the goods of foreigners seemed often to come in in greater volume and value than native goods went out,—and the difference they assumed had to be paid in gold. They therefore, perceiving the incompetency of the mass of men to manage their own business, got together knots of “statesmen” in the different capitals of Europe ;—lawyers, to whom the merchant was a vagabond tres-

passing on the feudal lord's domain ; priests, to whom trade was but a snare set by the Devil for the unwary ; and soldiers, to whom the only use of craftsmen was to equip armies and decorate courts ;—and these drew up rules and ordinances informing the subjects what to sell and buy, what to manufacture and what not to manufacture, what might leave the kingdom and what might come into it ; and they did it with the most perfect simplicity and good faith,—the most perfect confidence in their own competence. They had no more doubt of the monarch's right to regulate trade, than of his right to regulate worship. The system of interference with commerce and manufactures was but the counterpart, perhaps we should rather say the complement, of the system by which the government prescribed what their subjects ought to believe in matters spiritual. It would have been absurd for a power which professed to know what churchmen ought to go to, and in what form of faith the pure truth was to be found, to profess inability to show men how to get rich. It was the most natural thing in the world—to come down almost to our own time for an illustration—that, when one minister of Louis XIV. was dragooning the Huguenots into the true Church, another should be teaching the faithful how to weave and spin and dye, what trades to follow and what to avoid. When a government can decide how he ought to save his soul, of course it knows how he ought to make his fortune.

The doctrine that freedom of trade is a good thing, or, in other words, that the work of accumulating wealth is best done by individuals following their own instincts, seems a very simple one ; but it is, nevertheless, only eighty years old, and is yet only partially recognized. There is hardly one of the fallacies of the Middle Ages which has retained so strong a hold on men's minds as the idea that the government ought to act as director-general of trade and manufactures.

It is easy enough to show that England has achieved her manufacturing supremacy, not in consequence of, but in spite of, the trammels on her industry. She has, in the first place, the great essential of manufacturing industry,—large beds of coal and iron lying side by side ; she has, in the next place, a population of extraordinary energy and independence of character. She has a government which, with all its faults and all its affectation of superior economical wisdom, has been less meddlesome than any other in Europe, and which has paid an amount of respect to individual freedom which in all other parts of Europe has been unknown. Since the termination of the Wars of the Roses, at the close of the fifteenth century, she has been the theatre of only one war. France, Germany and Italy, during the last

three hundred years, have been desolated nearly a dozen times by hostile armies. During the whole of this period no Englishman had seen a foreign soldier in England, or an army in the field, except during the revolution of 1642, and the brief raid of 1745. That the opening of the nineteenth century found England rich as well as free, compared with all Continental nations, was no wonder ; the wonder would have been if it had not.

But neither in England nor anywhere else was a full opportunity afforded of seeing what the freedom of the individual could accomplish in the art of growing rich. The first field ever offered on which the experiment could have been fairly tried was this continent. It was blessed with the greatest variety of soil and climate, with the finest ports and harbours, with the greatest extent of inland navigation, with the richest supplies of metals, of any country in the world, and had a population singularly daring, hardy, ingenious, and self-reliant, untrammelled by feudal traditions, and with the love of industry and honour of industry instilled into them with their mothers' milk. In fact this continent seemed made, and its population born, for the display, for the first time in the history of the world, of the free use of all the human faculties, for the submission of all the problems of life, social, moral, political, and economical, to the individual judgment. The opportunity was allowed to slip away ; the old European path was entered upon under the influence of the old mediæval motives ;—the belief that gold was the only wealth ; that in trading with the foreigner, unless you sold him more in specie value than he sold you, you lost by the transaction ; that, diversity of industry being necessary to sound progress, the diversity of individual taste, bent, and capacity could not be depended upon to produce it ; that, manufactures being necessary to make the nation independent of foreigners in time of war, individual energy and sagacity could not be depended on to create them ; that a hundred men assembled in Washington, chosen by the chances of a ballot, knew best how each citizen ought to invest his capital ; and so on, through the whole weary round of mediæval fallacies.

The school of protectionists, of which Mr. Henry C. Carey is the chief, have been betrayed, by their servile swallowing of European ideas, into the assumption that it is necessarily a misfortune for a nation to be exclusively or in the main engaged in agricultural pursuits. This theory is based mainly on the comparisons which are to be found in most European works on social science between the town and country population,—a comparison which, as far as regards intelligence, alertness, acuteness, and receptivity, is undoubtedly unfavourable to the

peasant. But then it is constantly forgotten that the European peasant is the product of one thousand years of feudalism, that he has never been provided with the means of education, that, except in Switzerland and Sweden, he has never shared in the government, or had to exercise his mind with politics, and that he has always been, and still is, overpowered by the sense of his own social inferiority. The result is, that the peasant or farmer is, in nearly all European countries, a synonym for a lout or a boor, stupid, uninteresting, and servile animal, with foresight enough to sow, and greed enough to reap, but without any of the qualities which raise a nation much above the lowest state of civilisation. The American farmer has grown up under conditions so widely different, and is himself so different, that generalisations about the industrial or social value of agriculture, based on European facts, are really of no value whatever to the American legislator. There has never existed, and does not now exist, a community so far advanced both politically and socially, so well adapted for progress of all kinds, presenting so sure a foundation for a government, and offering so fair a promise of lasting order and prosperity, as New England when it was almost wholly agricultural. We believe that there is not now, and will not be until the manufacturing industry has undergone a vast transformation,—a greater one than we look for in our time, or even in this age,—so good a school as a farming community, tolerably thickly settled, and supplied as no farming community out of America has ever been with the means of education, for the cultivation of that stern, simple, enduring, self-reliant, self-respecting type of character, which must, after all, form the basis of any nation which seeks to do great things, or leave a shining mark in history. Town populations are quick in conception, and quick in action ; but, as town populations now are, or are likely to be, for the support of a political system against the cankers of corruption and of delusion and the blandishments of oligarchy or despotism, and against disasters and dangers of all sorts, give us farmers who have been bred under it, and have learned to love it. In the three great revolutions which have perhaps done most for the preservation of political liberty in the modern world,—that of 1642 in England, and those of 1776 and 1860 in this country,—it is the agricultural population which has supplied the good cause with its stoutest, most enduring, and in fact one might almost say its only, defenders ; and the reason we take to be this—that whatever contrivances for the improvement of human character social or industrial science may still have in reserve, nothing has as yet been devised which gives the average man so strong a sense of his own dignity, so deep

an interest in the welfare of his country, as the possession of land. It is essential to the success of a democratic government, not only that the people be educated and intelligent and equal before the law, but that the great body of individuals be so situated that they, in all things, act freely on their own opinions, that they can be under no restraint except that of public opinion, and that they be entirely exempt from the sense of dependence or of social inferiority, and from all but ordinary anxiety as to the future. Now no man whose bread and that of his children are dependent on the will of any other man or who has no interest in his work except to please an employer, fulfils these conditions; a farmer of his own land does fulfil them. He is the only man, as society is at present constituted in almost all civilised countries, who can be said to be really master of himself. He is the only man to whom the smiles and frowns of every other man are of little consequence; and what is of more importance, his calling, unlike the artisan's, is one which requires the constant exercise of his faculties. He has a great variety of affairs to manage, calculations to make, and contingencies to provide for; in other words, he has his fortune completely in his own hands. His affairs, we admit, are not complicated, nor need his calculations be very abstruse, and his mind is apt to work slowly. The mechanic of the larger towns is pretty sure to have a readier wit and greater play of mind. But states are not made or saved either by ready wits or quickness of apprehension. They are built up and preserved by character, by devotion to great principles, by readiness to make great sacrifices, by independence, by courage, by the wide diffusion of the love of property and of order, by simplicity of manners, and by industry; and for these things, we repeat, we must in America, as manufacturing industry is now organized, look, not to great towns, but to the country. Freedom is a sober-suited goddess, and, as far as the world has yet gone, has shown a greater predilection for field than for what are called, in the cant of our day, "the busy hives of industry." She has, it is true, revealed herself in great splendour in many of the most famous forums of the world, and has made many cities powerful and glorious; but her stay in streets has always been short. The only men who have succeeded in securing her favour and protection for a long line of descendants have been the farmers who for her sake held their ground at Morgarten and Granson, or charged behind Cromwell at Naseby.

Had individuals in America been left to their own devices in the matter of building up manufactures, it is possible the gross production of the country in many branches would have been

less than it is now; but it is very certain that American society would have been in a healthier condition, and American industry based on a surer and more lasting foundation. An agricultural population, such as that of the Northern States sixty years ago, was sure not to confine itself to one field of enterprise exclusively. Enterprise and activity and restlessness and ingenuity, love of work and love of trying all kinds of work, were as marked features of the national character then as they are now. The American population could boast of much greater superiority to the European population than it can now. There was sure, therefore, to have been a constant overflow from the farms of the most quick-witted, sharp-sighted, and enterprising men of the community for the creation of manufactures. They would have toiled, contrived, invented, copied, until they had brought into requisition and turned to account, one by one, all the resources of the country,—all its advantages over other countries in climate, soil, water-power, minerals, or mental or moral force; and whatever manufactures they built up would have been built up for ever. They would have needed no hot-house legislation to save them.

Our material progress, perhaps, would have been slower. When the rush of foreign immigrants began in 1846, they would not have found huge factories yawning for them in every direction, and great capitalists ready to enlist them in regiments to do their bidding and wait on their will. They would have been forced into betaking themselves to agriculture, the great source of the national wealth; and on farms they would have acquired the habits and learned the lessons which have made America a great nation, but which these new-comers, we fear, will be very long in learning in the streets of factory towns in which they now swarm, and in which no intelligent man can deny that they are rapidly reproducing the social diseases which are threatening the very life of more than one European state, and notably that worst of all diseases, the accumulation of large masses of capital in few hands, and the reduction of the rest of the population to servile dependence on its possessors. How much manufacturers make in a year is but a secondary consideration for Americans. The great question for the American politician is, how are the results of production distributed. It is on the distribution of wealth, far more than on its increase, that the happiness and prosperity and liberty of states depend. There is really very little in the present industrial *régime* to stimulate the intelligence, excite the ambition, and sweeten the toil of ordinary mortals. The work is, after all, another man's work; the gain is to be his, and the honour of success is to be his too;

and the natural result is, that the great object of the labourer, in nearly all the trades,—the matter which most occupies the thoughts of all but a few *âmes d'élite*, as the French have so happily called them, who are to be found in every calling,—is getting to be every day more and more, not how to display most skill or diligence, but how to give least labour in return for fixed wages. This is to-day the great problem of the working man's life.

Of the loss of productive power caused by this state of things little need be said. It can scarcely be over-estimated, although of course it would be impossible to form any estimate of it whatever. There is no such force in industry as the zeal, the eagerness, of workers. Its presence or absence often makes all the difference between national decline and prosperity, between national greatness and national weakness. The states most blessed in soil and station and numbers have been ruined for want of it; as, for instance, Spain, and Turkey, and the Southern States of the Union. Some of the smallest and least blessed by nature—as, for instance, Holland and New England—have achieved fame and power and wealth through the possession of it.

The average man working for wages has only half his faculties brought into play. He has nothing to gain by extraordinary diligence,—very little to gain by extraordinary skill. His honesty even, or faithfulness, brings him no material reward. For foresight or calculation he has no need whatever, except for such small uses as provision for sickness and old age. In the causes, processes, contingencies, by which his fate is really determined, he takes absolutely no interest. Over the whole field of industry in which he is a labourer, he never raises his eyes. He works like a mole, in the darkness and underground, while his employer is playing above his head the game of speculation on which his children's bread depends. A reckless, extravagant, or incompetent employer of labour absolutely holds the comfort and subsistence of hundreds or thousands in his hands, and, under the present system, they can neither understand nor criticise his course. When he fails, or over-trades, they find themselves beggared or stinted, and that is all they know. Artillery horses do not stand more helplessly in the rear of their guns to be pelted by the pitiless fire of the enemy, than the working classes in the battle of industry behind the great manufacturing chiefs. If all goes well, they drag the cannon forward to fresh positions and fresh triumphs in a glorious gallop; if things go wrong, they leave their bones on the ground, but why and wherefore they cannot tell. This is a state of things which no thinking man can contemplate with-

out concern. There is, of course, no use in lamentation over the mistakes of the past, unless it helps us in regulating our policy in the future. We cannot go back and undo the work of the last sixty years. And we need, beside this, to deliver us from the dangers to which the traditions of feudalism and the forcing system have exposed us, the elevation of the working classes from the condition of hired labourers, toiling without other aim than to do as little as possible, and without other reward than fixed weekly wages, into that of partners dependent for the amount of their compensation on the amount of their *immediate* production, and stimulated by self-interest into the utmost diligence and carefulness, and into the study and comprehension of the whole industrial process,—of the laws which regulate the relations of labour and capital, production and distribution,—or, in other words, into playing in society the part of men, and not of machines. This cannot be done by legislation. It must be left to the working men and their employers. If capitalists are wise, they will do all they can to hasten it; and if the working men are wise, they will give up following after politicians, and meet the capitalists in a spirit of frankness and considerateness and independence. But we trust that in their own interest, as in that of the country, they will never cease agitating and combining until the *régime* of wages, or, as we might perhaps better call it, the servile *régime*, has passed away as completely as slavery or serfdom, and until in no free country shall any men be found in the condition of mere hirelings, except those whom vice or misconduct or ignorance or want of self-restraint renders unfit for association with the honest and intelligent and self-denying.

V.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

WE must not delay noticing the *Memoir of Thomas Archer, D.D., Minister of Oxendon Chapel, London. By the Rev. John Macfarlane, LL.D.* (James Nisbet and Co.) Our dear lamented friend, Dr. Archer, has found a thoroughly genial and competent biographer in the accomplished pen of Dr. Macfarlane. The author of the charming life of Lawson of Selkirk could only execute the task of biography in a work in which the personal affections were more distinctly involved. Well, a delightful man, able to some of the highest marks and tests of ability, was Thomas Archer; a lovable, hearty, and most genial creature; in the pulpit, exhibiting a mind teeming with knowledge and instruction, and a mode of communicating that knowledge always interesting, and, when the occasion called for such manifestations, exhibiting powers of oratory of no inferior description; on the platform, that rarer region, which tests more thoroughly the readiness, and unconventional soul of a man, he was yet more thoroughly master of the situation, and completely at home; and a crowded meeting at Exeter Hall, more completely than anywhere else, illustrated the fire and the fulness of the man. He was the minister of the United Presbyterian Church, in Oxendon Street, the little building reared for the service of Richard Baxter, by the tender affection and energy of his devoted wife, Margaret Chalton. Dr. Archer was born in 1806, in the beautiful town, and glorious region of Perth; he was educated at St. Andrew's; he came to London and entered upon his ministry in 1831, and instantly became an interesting and marked man. His power was especially shown in sustaining in England the "Lecture," and from our own knowledge, we are sure Dr. Macfarlane does not overstate, when he says:

It was long a prevailing opinion, that what has been called the "Scotch lecture," could not be made popular or acceptable in England. And there was some reason for this. Reading and expounding a passage of Scripture was considered by many to belong to a lower order of mind; and when the service was made up of it, the complaint was, that the occasion had been trifled with,—in fact, that the congregation had been defrauded of their dues of sermonizing. This mistake may

have had it rise in the superficial and perfunctory mode of discharging the duty. Merely to read and cursorily to paraphrase the passage is not critically to expound it: such is not the nature of the "Scotch lecture." In that peculiar method of discourse, the one or the other of these two plans is adopted: The general scope or drift of the passage selected is seized, and obedient to this, the several verses or clauses are explained; or the lecturer goes over the entire paragraph verse by verse, keeping always carefully in view the context, and giving what appears to be the mind of the Spirit in each succeeding verse or sentence. The latter is the most prevalent plan. The Scotch pulpit has almost universally acted thereon; and to this, it has been thought, may be traced the very general acquaintance with Scripture which obtains in the North. Mr. Archer did not fail to give his people the benefit of such a lecture. For many years after his ordination, it was his regular practice to do so on the Sabbath afternoons. His thinking powers fitted easily into such an exercise, and he became proficient in it. His expositions of Scripture, especially of the Psalms and Epistles, were much appreciated for their clear and vigorous style. In preparing them he read much and prayed often. Having a most retentive memory, he was able to pour out stores of knowledge, accumulated from his varied reading. He was particularly happy and beautiful in his occasional readings and remarks upon the Psalms. He commented on one if short, and only on a portion of one if long. His hearers used to say that this division of the service alone afforded food for contemplation during the entire week. And here it is but just to tell of him, that he was peculiarly sensitive as to the use of other men's thoughts and words. He invariably noticed quotations from his authors, and gave their names. The revival of Oxendon was mainly due to these exposition. If well done, the "lecture" cannot fail to be as popular as it is instructive, and it is a good sign of the times that it is now more resorted to by ministers of all denominations in England, and deservedly sought after by the people. Many desired the Oxendon lectures to be published; but, like most of his pulpit discourses, they were all delivered from notes, and not in a form that could be sent to the press.

The tendencies of his eloquence were no doubt in the direction of declamation, but it has been truly remarked, the combative and the persuasive seem to have been equal in him, and his classes for young men, and lectures to young men, were, in their way, magnificent and admirable things. The outlines of his courses of lectures in this volume, although limited, for the most part, to the topics give a distinct hint of the fulness of their furniture, an illustration of his power in the sustained oration is given in his pathetic address on the opening of the Abney Park Cemetery; at its conclusion, as he turned away, he said to his wife, "If you outlive me, I should like "to lie near this cedar," and the wish was fulfilled, and he now

reposes very near to its shadow. There is much in this volume which to the ministerial mind will be especially interesting; we could well afford to linger over it and attempt to condense its pages; we cannot do this, but we can earnestly commend it to all that large circle who in England or Scotland knew the noble man, or who may desire to see the exhibition of a life more conscientiously active, and abreast of the age, than almost any other we remember, personally to have touched, or to have received the knowledge of.

A *Memoir of Mr. Joseph Harbottle, Baptist Minister, Accrington. With Selections from his Literary Remains. By the Rev. Thomas Taylor, of Tottlebank, pp. 116. (Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.)*—A small and modest memorial of a noteworthy man. Mr. Harbottle was such in his home-life, as a minister, as a private tutor, as a professor in a college. Learned, quaint, child-like, strongly denominational, almost a hermit, loving, gentle, firm as a rock in respect of truth and principle, his character blended many divergent qualities, yet all were made one, and became beautiful in a pervading element of living faith and purest piety.

The President of Regent's Park College has prefaced the volume with a kindly and appreciative paper, in which he pays a fitting tribute of respect and love to the memory of his tutor in Hebrew—his kinsman, his Christian friend. The picture that Dr. Angus gives of the household arrangements, of his singular and celibate relative, is highly graphic.

Mr. Taylor has furnished a brief and interesting biography, written in a spirit of love and sympathy, and with literary skill. He has also added some selections from Mr. Harbottle's prose and poetry, which are worthy to be preserved, though they cannot be taken as representing his true strength and resources.

Mr. Taylor has done well to gather up these notices and fragments. They afford us a refreshing and health-giving view of a true, honest, and godly man, whose work was done patiently and earnestly, and whose life was sound in every fibre, though in some respects it ran off into oddness and singularity.

THE reprints of the Puritan Divines present us with one of the most valuable reproductions in *Dæmonologia Sacra; or, a Treatise of Satan's Temptations. In three parts. By Richard Gilpin, M.D., Vicar of Greystone, Cumberland; lately of Newcastle-on-Tyne; edited, with Memoir, by the Rev. Alexander Balloch Grosart, Liverpool.*

(James Nichol. James Nisbet and Co.) This valuable, long desired, and thoroughly exhaustive work on the subject of which it treats, from the Puritan's standpoint, is equal in its own value to anything which has yet been given us in this handsome library, it is supererogation, to speak of its added claims, from the careful editings of Mr. Grosart, whose industry and curious knowledge of all books shines out, of course, in the "Life of the Author," and invaluable hints which will make it more acceptable to the modern student, the work calls home the attention of the reader from the vagaries of modern spiritualism, while it powerfully impresses on the conscience the reality of that real spiritual border-land, on the confines on which we live.

WE have often mentioned with feelings of much pleasure *Remarkable Facts Illustrative and Confirmatory of different Portions of Holy Scripture. By the Rev. J. Leifchild, D.D.; With a Preface by his Son* (Jackson, Walford and Hodder). This volume is an illustration, a series of illustrations, autobiographic circumstances, selected from a long period of ministerial activity, of great usefulness and power, has already, in its first edition, received our hearty commendations, we have long wished it should pass its way into a second edition, and here it is. Sunday School teachers and village preachers will find a large variety of circumstance, selected from many startling scenes of life, shedding light upon many texts of Scripture, and abundantly paying perusal, whether for the purpose of strengthening or interesting the individual reader, or assisting him in opening a window into the minds of others.

AND very much the same criticism is all we need give to *Mrs. Loudon's Entertaining Naturalist. Being Popular Descriptions, Tales, and Anecdotes of more than Five Hundred Animals. A new Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By W. S. Dallas, F.L.S.* (Bell and Daldy.) This is, and has long been, the most admirable compendium of popular Natural History with which we are acquainted; it is simply a readable, delightfully popular book; upon the subject there is not a better book for youth, it is full of lively anecdote upon the ways and habits of our fellow-mortals, in the lower orders of animal existence, and this new edition supplies all those distinctions of those orders and systems, and popular definitions of terms in Natural History, which were necessary to give to it the character of completeness, so far as completeness was aimed at in its general design.

THE reprint of the *Puritan Commentaries* gives to us two of the less known pieces of Jeremiah Burrough, the *Saints' Happiness*, *Lectures on the Beatitudes*, and a *Strange Vineyard in Palestina; an Exposition of Isaiah's Parabolic Song*. Edinburgh. (James Nichol.)

THERE are many points of interest in *An Autumn Dream on the Intermediate State of Happy Spirits, with Collections on the Separate State, and on the Immateriality of the Mind; to which is appended a Dissertation concerning the Mind of the Lower Animals*. By John Sheppard, 3rd edition. (Elliot Stock.)—Just thirty years have gone by since the publication of this quiet, modest, and suggestive poem. The subject itself is a poem, and wakens in the mind—especially if impressed by the recent death of some beloved companion,—a stream of tender and impressive thought; there are many passages the reader will not only receive with pleasure but turn to for consolation; the poem has been mentioned to us several times, in the neighbourhood of the death-bed and the coffin, as yielding a precious revenue of hope to the heart; those who are acquainted with the many writings of Mr. Sheppard will expect to find in them an elevated and sensitive conscience rather than inflamed or passionate expression; the versification is smooth and sustained; perhaps the respected and honoured author will scarcely thank us when we say that the notes and the essays chiefly make the work invaluable, and give it a claim to a permanent place in the library; they travel over a large range of thoughtful reading and anecdote, nor can the whole volume fail to elevate and instruct both mind and heart upon a subject profoundly interesting, and which can only cease to attract by the amazing uproar of sounds created from the intense and increasing agitations of the day, calling the mind off from its wonted meditations upon our neighbourhood to the invisible world, and that life we live immediately after death, we are very glad to see this third edition of a charming book.

WHAT shall we say of *Night? a Poem by George Gilfillan, M.A., Author of the Bards of the Bible*. (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)—We were surprised to find Mr. Gilfillan coming before us in the character of a poet, not that he is wanting in many of those characteristics which seem to distinguish the poet—considerable nervousness of expression, nimbleness of fancy, and apparently a passionate depth of emotion in the presence of nature, and we fancy he could write a fine poem, but he seems to be utterly unlearned in the art of architecture, there is no symmetry or building going on with his words or

thoughts ; his mind seems utterly desultory and scatters itself about, throwing out a confusion of brilliant flashes, giving one the idea of one of those modern toys called "Pharaoh's Serpents," we watch the bright but unsubstantial thing uncoiling itself, still it is all unsatisfactory at last. Now had anybody else written this poem, Mr. Gilfillan would have made fearful work of it and its author, and his work would have received at his hands no meed of mercy. Young's *Night Thoughts* was something in this way too, but it will not be superseded by Mr. Gilfillan's *Night*—brilliant coruscations may flame out in a poem, and they do in many great poems, but they do not give the idea that the chief end of the poet was to coruscate, this is the impression *Night* produces on the mind ; the subject is a very sublime one, and might easily have suggested quite another and more happy method of treatment ; "Night," says Isaac Taylor, "has had three daughters, Religion, Superstition, and Atheism." Every sensitive and intelligent nature has again and again felt the whole Infinite a whole poem within itself when walking beneath the night. It is a season of infinite suggestiveness—all the great poets, from Moses and David downwards, have concentrated into some of their words the passion, the mystery, the magnificence, and the awfulness of time ; James Montgomery has a sweet little poem "Night," which we fancy will continue to move more feeling than Mr. Gilfillan's large volume, and in that other verse of the same writer—

The Dead are like the stars by day,
 Tho' hid from mortal eye,
 They're not extinct, but hold their way,
 In glory through the sky.

Thoughts like these all natures, even the humblest, have known and delight to know. It was a difficult subject, though sublime, which Mr. Gilfillan selected, we want a poem to fold up its thoughts into unity ; *Night* perhaps belongs to the same order of poems as Pollock's *Course of Time*, a succession of desultory rhapsodies, the readers and thinkers become impatient of that purposeless and objectless swimming about through time and space, Pollock's poem is illustrated by some few grand though spasmodic passages, like the character of Lord Byron, which will save it from sinking, but the pinion of Mr. Gilfillan flashes too and fro, catching upon the wing a red gleam, or glimpsing occasionally white and sweet in the distance, but seldom conveying the idea of great powers gathered up to, and projected upon one purpose ; Mr. Gilfillan has always delighted to speak in epigram, sometimes very terse, more frequently exhibiting a disposition to say fine things about the matter upon which he speaks, thus he talks very unphilosophically of

COMETS.

Comets ! (bright bastards of the mystic sky,
 Errors divine—abortions heavenly—
 So man is prone in ignorance to say),
 What are ye, whence have come, and whither bound ?
 Ye airy ships of heaven, vapours immense,
 Like phantoms of dead suns walking the sky,
 Magnets in endless motion, needles huge,
 Drawn by the polar forces of the sun,
 And vibrating more strongly as you near.
 Now almost plunging o'er the precipice
 Of light eternal, which overhangs his orb ;
 Now sailing from him to the utmost verge
 Of his attractive power, and yearning there
 For dim and distant fields of outer space
 Till gravitation's thrilling whisper comes,
 And says, " Stop, go no farther, here return."
 Now cold and pale as mountain mists, and now
 Inflamed to burning glory like the clouds
 Which gird the rising or the setting sun ;
 Now stealing through the night with secret foot,
 Searched for ere seen ev'n by the telescope,
 And now affronting noon and glowing red,
 Like firebrands tossed against the calm blue sky.
 What fables float around these waifs of night !

A passage representing the poet in his more quiet and beautiful mood is that on the "Life of Dreams;" but as the reader passes through it, he will notice still the same vehemence and unrestfulness, the same determination at all hazards to say something as astonishing as fire-works.

Before *the Bed* with reverent knee I bow,
 And cry in awe, How dreadful is this place !
 Here the shed spirit from the Father God,
 Like spark of fire descending, lights and rests,
 And this the point from which it upward soars !
 The bed 'twixt birth and death an isthmus is,
 'Tween two eternities the earthly link.
 Here lies the golden head of infancy,
 Filled with its blessed, soundless, speechless dreams,
 Like gems concealed in some unfathomed main ;
 Here boyhood's eye, or that of thoughtful girl
 Sleeps not, but revels in the midnight moon,
 With thoughts by human tongue unspeakable ;
 Here restless love makes its own couch of fire ;
 Here meditation muses on the past,
 And here the congregation of all dreams
 Assemble in their mystic multitude,
 And make the bed a Bethel or a hell.
 Pale company of dreams, to you I come,
 Children ephemeral of sleeping brains,
 Dancing amid their tangled tissue thick,

As motes of glory in the evening ray !
 Dreams are the soul dissolving in wild showers
 They are the midnight mania of man ;
 For during night man's madness creepeth out
 Like wild beast from his forest or his cave,
 And an asylum vast the world becomes.
 Newton has finished his immortal book,
 He sleepeth, and in dreams an idiot is.
 The last word of his Lear Shakspeare has writ,
 He sleeps, and straight like Lear himself he raves.
 Thou shudderest at madness more than death.
 And yet thy sleeping wife Ophelia is—
 And in a moment worse than Hamlet thou !
 Yet beautiful this frenzy of the night,
 And kindly, too, to thought-worn, care-tossed man,
 An outlet safe to all that's wild and strange,
 Fiercely fermenting in the human soul,
 The madness of the night lessens the day's !
 And what delight dwells in that fairy-land,
 That shivered, shattered, lovely clime of dreams,
 That border-country of the universe,
 Between two worlds the land debateable ?
 I sing its beauty—not its horror now—
 Its thoughts and visions dropt from higher spheres.
 The scenery of dreams demands a note,
 Most beautiful—fantastic of all worlds !
 'Tis nature in a lovelier, larger shape,
 But with a wildness in her half-shut eye,
 And a strange sheen upon her moon-bound brow
 She wears not in her waking daylight hours !
 The rivers of the dreaming land, how great,
 Yet soundless their enormous currents are,
 The mute majestic Amazons of night—
 Its lakes are seas—its seas inverted skies—
 Its cataracts and thunderstorms are dumb
 As pictures, but how vast and terrible !
 Each flash of lightning is a Phlegethon,
 Each "force" Velino or Victoria seems.
 Its forests are immensities of pine,
 Through which you plod for years in endless dream.
 Its mountains are the Andes on the Alps,
 Piled as was Pelion on Ossa high,
 And with the rich hues of a nobler heaven,
 Not snow, but glory resting on their brows !
 And then its evening or its midnight skies !
 Ten suns the other night a dreamer saw,
 Sinking together down the glowing west.
 And when they set new constellations rose,
 Some shaped like scorpions, some like swarms of bees,
 Some lions pawing in the azure waste,
 Some thrones for angels waiting in the sky,
 Some crowns descending upon heroes' heads,
 Till from the blissful torment of that dream,
 He sweltering started, and in wonder woke !

Throughout the volume we have the Author's well known delight in Literature portrait-painting. Swedenborg is

A Phantom stealing out when day is done,

Rosseau is,—

A Zebra soul spotted with light and dark,
Swift, shy, and solitary.

The following is pretty, and illustrates Mr. Gilfillan's power of feeling, did he but rein and master his language, and prevent it from running away with him.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE.

I've seen a shepherd on a lonely hill,
Look upward to a loftier eminence,
And wave his hand, a hand trembling with joy,
In signal to a friend whom I saw not,
But whom *he* saw upon the distant height.
I've seen a man gaining a summit high,
And gazing round and down with breathless look
On one that panting followed seen by him,
And thus thy presence, Neptune, was surmised,
A tremble passed through Herchel's mighty frame :
Is it the agony of fear or love ?
Is he pursued by vengeful comet's wing ?
No ! 'tis the yearning of his lonely heart
Toward that lonelier hermit in the north,
His brother in the bonds of orphanhood !
To find that unseen brother, and to bring
Him nearer to the sun, the telescope
Rushed with an ardent and victorious bound,
And to the earth great Neptune was revealed,
Child of Le Verrier's soul and Herschel's heart !

It will be supposed that we have in the course of the volume, which is in blank verse, many lyrical pieces ; we cannot approve their taste, as the following on Pilate, which really seems as far removed from piety as from poetry.

" Know that Christ's blood, when spilt in ire,
Is an everlasting fire,
And the worm that never dies
Round thy neck for ever lies !"
Then, and oh ! how oft, alas !
Since here I stood, soft breezes pass ;
But they minister no calm,
And they drop no drop of balm,

Nay, they whisper words of fear,
 "Who is this wretch? what doth he here?
 Why, fiends, not burn him limb by limb?"
 "BECAUSE HELL HATH REJECTED HIM."

This sweet sentiment and type are Mr. Gilfillan's. In another page he speaks thus of Fire:

HYMN TO FIRE.

Ancient and eternal Fire,
 Unto thee I string my lyre,
 And sing thy power supreme;
 God within and over all,
 Thee undoubtingly I call,
 All else to thee is dream!
 Rapid, restless in thy course,
 Strong, resistless in thy force,
 Wild panther of the sky.

From all which extracts the reader will be at no loss to form an opinion as to the character of the poem. We should like to speak of Mr. Gilfillan as a brilliant man of genius—brilliancy there unquestionably is, but it is a brilliancy which glares rather than glows, it strikes hot and lurid and wants the soft equipose and balance of light and atmosphere; it is strange to us, that the man has all his life been doing these things he knows so much, as many such wise and generous instincts—although capable of being ungenerous enough too—what is it which prevents him from manipulating his work into a fine harmony and suffusing it with soft and mellowing influences? One of the finest paragraphs we are able to select from this wilderness of tones and lustres, in which every tone almost has a prismatic glow of all colours at once, is the following,—

To music did the universe arise—
 In music shall the universe dissolve;
 A long deep wailing yet triumphant strain,
 Like that of battle eve, when victory
 Blendeth its note with that of mourning low,
 "Return to Me!" the burden of the song,
 "To Me, your Father, Centre, Friend, and Home!"
 Down through the ages rolls the solemn sound,
 And at each note of the omnific strain
 Race after race returns to God again:
 First the grim creatures of the early prime
 Have long since rendered up their ugly shapes;
 Then shall the present forms of hideous life,
 Spiders and scorpions and the serpent brood,
 Sink, their work done, into their Maker's sea;
 Next all the finny race shall melt away;
 And then the fierce and fiery brutal tribes,
 Quite spent and chilled, shall find in God their rest;

Next those all-beautiful and winged shapes,
 Those singing sunbeams, living rainbows bright,
 Shall add that stream of sound which is their soul,
 To the Great Fountain whence it first out rolled,
 And even *their* little life in God be found.
 Then hark ! more deeply doth the music swell,
 " Ye sons of men, return, lay down your crowns
 At My feet, at My feet your burdens lay ;
 Upon My bosom rest your weary heads,
 Yet not to die, but to begin to live
 In boundless bliss, and deep and dream-like rest,
 Pillowed upon your Father and your God ; "
 And human life, like vapour in the sun,
 Shivers, disperses, is dissolved and lost !
 " Return ye angels, who are flames of fire,
 Ethereal creatures—halfway up to God
 Already, clear the gulf, and be in Him
 For ever : " and like bright clouds of the sky,
 Merged in the morning, do the angels pass.
 " Return, thou earth, itself my tired-out child,
 Weary with wand'ring round the distant sun,
 And never coming nearer to His seat ; "
 And this great globe, the world, lays down her head
 Upon the lap of God, and is no more.
 " Return, strong sun, to Him who crowned thy brow
 With a beam borrowed from His glorious throne
 And ye, ye stars, restore to me your light,
 Yield up the teeming treasures of your breasts,
 And change to silence deep your ancient songs."
 I looked, and all the eyes of heaven were shut,
 And God again was by Himself alone !

We are sorry to lay the volume aside with the feeling that this is not poetry—here in an eminent sense is the stuff out of which poetry is made, a fine sympathy with nature, a fine detection of character, an eye catching the sense of the mystical in all sight—and here catching an impression of the mystical in all sounds—a nature overwhelmed with the grandeur and amazing awfulness of the universe of things ; and yet altogether this is not poetry, sometimes these things are so put as to make one laugh, this is not poetry.
